

WHAT? ME ENTER A BEAUTY CONTEST?

That's the reaction of many women to nude beauty contests — and Jane Moore was no exception. However, secretly, she was only waiting to be asked!

Here Jane describes the beauty contests at Eureka — and what it felt like to enter a contest. Not to mention how it felt to be among the winners.







RIGHT... 6 bags of crisps, 6 apples, 6 chocolate biscuits.

The girls burst into the kitchen, shattering my train of thought. 'Are we going to the Club again?'

'Yes, it's Fun Day. There'll be loads of children to play with, games, you can go swimming...'
I exuded enthusiam.

'We don't want to go.'

I sighed. 'O.K. 4 bags of crisps, 4 apples . . . 'Anyway, I should enjoy the whole day more without the usual entourage of four children. The sun shone, it was perfect summer weather. Unfortunately, everyone else must have thought the same since each and every one of us arrived outside the Dartford Tunnel simultaneously. The boys got fidgety and moaned, we shouted at them, one of them grizzled this part of the journey to Eureka always has been the awful part. After the tunnel it becomes a pleasant more care-free drive through pretty countryside.

Eureka was the most crowded I had seen the place to date, but it was still easy to park under the trees. Bronzed bodies strolled about sporting well nurtured



Jane drafts an article on Garrucha beach, Spain. Left - in the final Beauty Contest line-up.

summer tans, and those bones of contention, the 'single men' were out in force, mingling with the crowds. I'd never have thought they were the evil creatures that some clubs tell me they are!

Cameras abounded everywhere, and I heard someone mention that the 'television people' were there. Eureka had really hit the big time! We settled down to eat our lunch before the real excitement of the day, but the temporary tranquility was soon interrupted by a confront-

ation between a photographer and an older man who was demanding to know if the former had sought anyone's permission before taking a long shot from the depths of the field whilst the man with the camera protested that it was such a long distant shot no-one would be distinct. The argument continued, the elder man red-faced and overreactive, the photographer icily polite. Surely, I thought, people shouldn't bother to come to FunDay if they are so 'anti'

photographs. I believe it is the only day of the year when photographers are allowed free rein. They really cannot be expected to ask several hundreds' permission for a long shot!

A tall bearded man and a petite girl struggled into the vicinity of the rostrum with trailing tripods, leads and boxes, donned headphones and started shouting instructions at each other — though unfortunately none at their dog, who proceeded to eat someone's sandwiches amongst other unmentionable anti-social activities. I assumed the couple to be the T.V. crew.

And all of a sudden, everyone clapped - Mark, who runs Eureka, and must be the whitest naturist out this year, stood on the platform. I had never seen him anywhere on the site before other than behind the Club bar, and apparently, last year he didn't even get to compere the competitions, which I can't imagine taking place without his presence and dry humour. Meanwhile, a man came up and asked to take a photo. I sat posing with a rather self conscious grin. He asked if we

'She didn't think she'd enter, but she sat wearing impeccable make-up . . . she was as bad as I was!'

were entering the contests, to which my partner gave an emphatic 'No', the children said they wanted to keep their clothes on and I said I hadn't made up my mind (though on reflection I probably had). Well, you all ought to, the man said.

Mark was organising a surprising number of men into rows on the rostrum, they obviously were not camera shy! Each was clapped enthusiastically as they paraded up and down — some strutting like peacocks, others rather more shyly. I told my partner he would most definitely have won if he'd entered — he reckoned I viewed his physique through rose coloured glasses!

Then the younger entrants rather hesitantly took the stage, one or two still in swimming trunks. One of our children, noticing that all the participants were receiving sweets, suddenly announced he had meant to go in for it all the time, and flung off a trail of clothes in his haste to find

the organiser. Every 'body' has its price! Our other child wandered off to play football, while we watched the family's latest convert to naturism parade up and down. I did think that perhaps he would have appeared more endearing if he had stopped picking his nose!

By now it had become evident that the couple enveloped in wires were not the T.V. crew at all, but someone trying out their new video equipment. The real television people were blending in considerably more unobtrusively, despite their clothing.

Hearts

Now Mark was summoning the ladies — I turned to a friend, and asked if she were entering. She deliberated. She's as bad as me, I thought. We'd both been coyly saying we didn't think we'd enter, and there she sat wearing impeccable make-up, just dying for someone to cajole her into it. I knew too in my heart of hearts that I wouldn't be able to resist entering in the end. And so,

up we both went, to meet our fate.

Limelight

Standing at the bottom of the rostrum waiting for my number to be called, I suddenly found an air of total seriousness overtaking me. Stand erect, I thought, walk slowly, turn carefully, smile. I tried to carry out what I had meant, to do, but when my turn came, I walked like lightning towards the welcoming Mark at the far end (the stage seemed so long!) I wished I'd combed my hair (let's say it looked 'natural') I lined up with the rest. (everyone else seemed about 6 foot tall). A lady I'd seen earlier in the field with a beautiful smile and skin colour was introduced - she walked superbly, turned immaculately (drat, why didn't I wear high heels - I'd probably trip up, that's why). The person next to me whispered her legs had turned to jelly, I realised that apart from a momentary pounding of the heart, I now felt quite relaxed (and what fun to be in the limelight!). We seemed to stand there for hours for hundreds of photos. (keep smiling) My neighbour and some others started into a ribald conversation with the cameraman, ending with a vague threat to 'debag' him later (I think I'll remain aloof from that!). We all tripped off to much applause (but how much is for me? God, what vain creatures we are under the surface).

I returned nonchalantly to sit lapping up the sun, which was losing heat already, and dished out biscuits and tea to the family, who immediately wandered off again.

'O.K. everyone' it was Mark again. 'Here's the results in reverse order.' I half pretended not to be listening . . . '3rd . . . Number 14'. Number 14? I looked with some incredulity at my card, which quite clearly stated I was number 14. My partner grinned and pushed me forward. I certainly smiled naturally now! And now I knew that at last some of the cameras clicked for me. What a terrific boost to the ego that is! But my moment of greatest pleasure was seeing one lady nudge her husband and say; 'There you are, I chose that one. I liked her.'

Winner

An attractive short haired lady much taller than I came second and walked up to a barrage of flash lights. But it came as no surprise that the winner was the person I had noticed earlier, walking with such poise across the platform. We all posed on the stage for what seemed an eternity then us runners-up left it to the winner, whose long dark hair and stunning smile would not have been out of place on a 'Miss World'.

And so, out of the limelight and straight into the swimming pool, though the sun was already beginning to lose its heat. A rumour was fast spreading around that the cameraman who had been threatened earlier had been stripped by a gang of women with the cameras all still running! I wondered if he'd become a keen club member, or whether the experience would put him off for life. I wonder how he'd explain to his wife if it ever got shown on television!

And then back came the boys from playing football — they'd missed my moment of glory. And to crown it all:-

It's a pity, said my partner that we didn't bring along the camera today!



You never know what you might win in American nude contests.



Susan won a Yamaha at Samagatuma.

THE BEAUTIES OF AGDE





We've all heard about those mad beauty contests they hold in America each year. But did you know that naturist Cap d'Agde also holds a nude beauty contest every year? And as always Health

and Efficiency was there
— in the person of Colin
Raine, photographer.
Not only did the lucky
Colin get to photograph
the contest, but he
persuaded the beautiful
winner to pose for him.

HAD seen pictures and read articles of naturist beauty contests in America but never thought that I would get the chance to take photographs and report on one myself. On a working holiday at Cap d'Agde in the South of France I learned that a beauty contest was to take place on the Sunday evening at 6.00 p.m. I was there at 5.30!

I took up a good position with cameras loaded and waited for the action to take place. There were 12 girls in the contest and at 6.00 p.m. they all paraded on a

















timber stage in the open air location at the west end of the camp.

It was a beautiful warm summer evening and I could still feel the 'tingling' of the day's scorching heat on my skin. It was still too warm for clothes and most of the audience were as naked as the contestants. There was a carnival atmosphere, and a local colourful band weaved their way through the crowd playing their instruments and banging their drums with great enthusiasm.

The girls were of mixed nationalities and each paraded singularly along the stage for the admiration of the audience and judges. They each carried a numbered card for identification. They were all encouraged with applause and cheering all the way down the 'cat walk' type stage, some of them needing the help to overcome their nervousness.

The band took over at the interval while the judges were busy with their marking and the crowd waited in anticipation while the music makers went through their routine and finally wound their way down from the stage.

Each of the twelve contestants





then once more individually paraded the length of the stage before the third placed girl was announced by the master of ceremonies. She shyly, but proudly once more took to the stage to great cheers and appreciation where she was presented with a bouquet of flowers and a sash. Remaining on the stage she awaited the announcement of the second placed girl who quickly joined

her also to receive a sash and

We didn't have long to wait for the master of ceremonies to complete his job by announcing the winner of the contest, and to enormous applause and the banging of drums and tambourines she appeared to receive her prizes. With sashes, flowers and trophies the three girls almost looked overdressed as they received an ovation from the audience and posed for the photographers. They disappeared among the audience at the head of the band to parade through the camp.

Anyone who has been to Cap d'Agde naturist camp will know that they had quite a walk and by 9.00 p.m. they looked very deserving of a good rest, though still managing beautiful smiles to all around as they waved goodnight. I later found out that

all three girls were French and the winner, Corrine Gautier agreed to model for me a couple of days after the contest.

The best light for figure photography is early morning, so I arranged to meet Corrine at seven a.m. She arrived very relaxed and easy to talk to. This made it a pleasure to work with her.

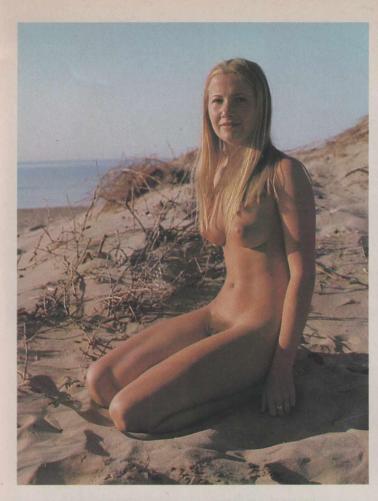
She is from Ploemeur in Brittany and is a part-time model. She and her family have a caravan at Cap d'Agde and holiday there every July.

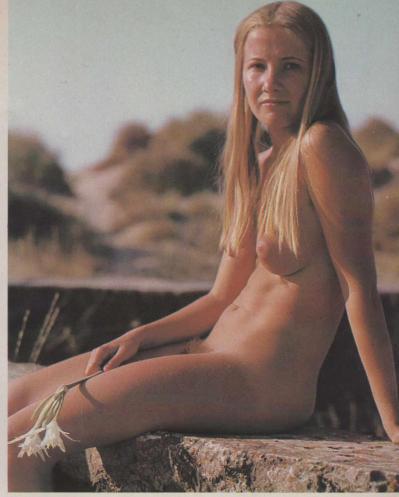
Her brother, Phillippe Gautier is the assistant of David Hamilton, the famous photographer whose pictures are to be seen everywhere in Southern France on postcards and posters.

It was great to think that Corrine enjoyed the photo session too. She's a keen and active naturist, loving the sunshine and beach at Agde. Her attractive personality makes her a good fashion model — she's also personally fashion-conscious, and enjoys dressing for the evening discos and dances.

Here's looking forward to the beauty contest in 1982! I wonder if she'll enter again?











A BEACH

IN WINTER

Here in Europe the 'sunbathing season' is just getting into its stride. It's hard for us to remember - on the other side of the globe it's winter! We've heard so much about the fantastic heat of Australia, the wide deserted beaches, the caressing warmth of the Pacific. They have a midsummer winter. However, that doesn't keep them off the beaches, nor trapped inside their clothes. Tony Grindear reports from the other side of the world.

I LEAVE the shuttered beachshop and deserted car park behind and trudge across the sand down to the ocean. There's a cold breeze blowing along the beach as I set out for my morning



You must keep active on a beach in winter.



You can play frisbee, or left, go diving.

Seagulls wheel about. The low bright sun has begun to lay down its beams in the direction of Africa. It's in my eyes, so that I can feel, rather than see, the vast expanse of sand, sea and sky, stretching in its pristine glory to the horizon. Oh it's a glorious morning!

The rhythmic roar of the surf beside me is an accompaniment of the faint slap of my feet as they hit the wet sand. Between my toes I can feel its harshness. The cool wind is whipping round my naked body.

It's only at times like this that I realise the bliss of utter freedom that solitude brings:

Black-suited surfers teeter precariously on their boards as the waves bear them swiftly shorewards.

At the water's edge-I exchange greetings with two local fisher-folk; not, as you see, old men mending their nets, or fat old women sorting the catch, but virile young hunters.

A young couple up the beach flying a frisbee back and forth between them. A girl hails me from the dunes. What time is it, she wants to know. I don't know. And I don't care.



The girl ran along the sands . . .



... after her dip in the foaming briny.

Then one of the figures jogging along behind me overtakes and passes me. It is a girl. She stops to gaze at the white surf boiling in the sunlight. Winter or not, she can resist it no longer.

She pulls her shirt over her head and drops it onto the sand. Stepping quickly out of her shorts and tossing these down too, she turns, nude, and walks into the sea until it is up to her waist.

Seconds later a wave takes her, wrapping its icy fingers round her body. It picks her off her feet, carrying her back towards me.

A few minutes of this unequal battle with the waters is sufficient for her. Like Aphrodite of old she appears from a maelstrom of foam, wades onto the beach, and breaks into a run along the water's edge. The waves, angry at losing her, reach out for her again and again.

'Diana the Huntress', I think as I watch her wet limbs flash in the sun. I cannot recall the Greek equivalent of Diana to match with Aphrodite. But she certainly seems a goddess as she passes me again, striding on into the glare of the sun.

I reluctantly turn and, as I walk back the way I came, I reflect on the boundless energy I too had at her age.



The beauty of the beach is impressive, even out of season.



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WE INTERVIEW =

DOCTOR MARTIN COLE

OVER the last fifteen years, Dr. Cole has been written about extensively, and become almost famous. His sex therapy caused a scandal when he first began it (he says sadly that no-one finds it shocking any more) and he was interviewed at length, in the papers and on television. Mary Whitehouse got very upset about it all. Everyone wondered whether Dr. Cole said controversial things just for devilment, or whether he really believed them.

However, I was impressed by one fact — here was a man who'd made sexual research his life-work, who'd helped innumerable people to a happy sex-life — yet he had obviously not made one penny doing it.

I was not interviewing a sexual entrepreneur. Here was a kindly, pleasantly-mannered chap, a family man with five children and a happy marriage, who lectured in human biology at Birmingham University and was worried in case the recent educational spending cuts would affect his job. He didn't drink and was appealingly camera shy when I took a picture of him in his office. I liked him.

'Why did you want to come and see me?' he asked.

I told him that years ago, as an unknown journalist, I'd rang him up to ask his opinion of naturism and he'd thought it was a denial of sexuality. This had intrigued me ever since. 'Have you ever visited a naturist place?' I asked.

'Well, no, I haven't, but I must say it would be quite an interesting scene. But naturists are so quick to say that it's not sexy aren't they? I'm not sure that I want to do anything that is so definitely not sexy!' he smiled.

As I've always thought of naturism as a vaguely sensuous experience that heightens sexuality, I was surprised. However, I managed to persuade Dr. Cole to be more serious.

'Swimming in the nude is delightful,' he said. 'And I always want to be brown all over. But I don't think I'd want to congregate with groups of people in the nude. There'd be a pressure to undress, wouldn't there? Just as there's a pressure to be dressed in other social situations.'

'I'd prefer an unstructured situation,' he went on. 'To impose on a situation in a



Dr. Cole is well-known in Britain as the man who caused an uproar in the early seventies by starting surrogate therapy for sexually lonely people. What has he done now? He's caused an uproar in Health and Efficiency by claiming that naturism is a denial of sexuality! What nonsense Susan Mayfield thought — or was it? Read on, and decide for yourself.

doctrinaire way is a-sexual, there's no room for spontaneity.'

'You ought to come along to a nudist place,' I said.

'Perhaps — when I've lost weight!'

'Oh, they all say that!' I laughed.

'I'd like to come to one of these places, that is, I'd like to explore how I'd feel being naked with others.'

'Yes. A lot of people who write to me about their first experience of naturism are surprised by what they find out about themselves.'

'Exactly. It must be a real growth experience and as such I'd be interested to see what it was like. But rules would spoil this and reduce the pleasure. You're not free to experience growth if hemmed in by rules.'

'You obviously think that sexuality is very important to the individual.'

'Oh terribly! The motivation

of some of our clients to get better is enormous. They will travel hundreds of miles for their therapy sessions, they hardly ever miss.'

I asked for more details about the therapy Dr. Cole does. He divides his work between the University and the Institute for Sex Education and Research in Birmingham. (This started as a result of the work he did for the Brook Advisory Centres, which exist in most major cities to give advice and counselling to young people.)

'People came to us with their sexual problems — and 75% of them were lone males. They hadn't got sexual partners, so that's how the surrogate therapy started.'

'Wasn't there a terrific hoo-ha because you paid your surrogate therapists? Words like 'prostitution' were bandied about?'

'Yes, well our therapists had to be offered some sort of reward. You couldn't expect them to do the work for nothing, and the idea of it was to help the patient, not offer a relationship to the therapist. So financial payments seemed to be the simplest thing.'

'And don't the therapists ever get personally involved with the men they help?'

'It's very rare, in fact, I would say it never happens.'

'What sort of problems do the men have?'

'Premature ejaculation, impotence — and virginity. They are worried because they reach the age of 30, 35, 40, without ever having had a sexual experience.'

'Yes, they often write to my agony column worried about this. Any age from 18 to 50.'

'It is a vital part of being human. Men especially feel this. Society assumes, too, that women are virgins by choice, but not men. No-one, but no-one, is a virgin through choice. I refuse to believe that, although people will say it, and society will assume it.'

'Do women ever come to you looking for a surrogate partner?'

'A few, but not merely as many as the men.'

Virgins

'Do you think there are more male virgins than female ones?'

We both found this an interesting question. In the world at large, there are more men than women. Does this mean some men—the less 'manly' ones—get left out? More men than women apply to Dating agencies, like Dateline Computer Dating, and certainly more men than women advertise for partners in H & E. It seems we ladies are in demand!

We repaired to the pub to discuss this interesting topic. I had Scotch, while Dr. Cole drank tomato juice. The pub was full of students. 'Does it make you feel old,' I asked, 'All these young people around?'

'Oh yes. I used to be able to pretend I was one of them, but not any more. How about you,

'Yes, the average age of my friends is getting older, and I can't talk to youngsters the way I used to.'

I looked round at all the young chaps with black beards, and the young women with straight fair hair. How many of them, I wondered, were virgins? It's not long after we've started the naturist year. They have tax years, school years and astrological years, as well as calendar ones. But only Susan Mayfield would think of a naturist year. She describes how the changing year is reflected through her postbag, before she goes on to consider your letters and problems.

RIGITALI SEASOPALI COARCES

OUR year starts not in January, but in the Spring. With the longer days, and brief bursts of sunshine, we all start thinking about warmth and sunbathing. Reluctant naturists, or those who have tried it, write to me. 'What will it be like? How can I persuade my girlfriend to join me?' they ask. At Health and Efficiency we have a crop of letters asking; 'Where is my nearest beach? Where is my nearest club?' Interest in naturism is very strong.

Then round about June or July, come letters from those who've tried naturism. 'I always get an erection,' or 'When I went on the beach, they laughed.' And 'Readers Write' receives letters of delight in the new-found naturist experience.

In the autumn everyone starts to think about holidays. At H & E we rush round, trying to organise one for next year. Now people have more time to think, sitting at home on dull evenings, they write me more philosophical letters. 'How can I reconcile naturism with my religion? How did I ever believe nudism was wrong?'

Immediately Christmas is over, the magazine gets logistic problems. 'Can you recommend' someone will write and ask 'A naturist holiday where my textile wife can come too, where the beaches are sandy but sheltered, where the weather is warm in April and which doesn't cost much? P.S. We want to take our Afghan Hound!'

However, letters about emotional and personal problems remain the same all the year round. So does loneliness. Not only does the single person long for a partner; they feel their naturist happiness is dependent on one. Witness;

'I am a keen naturist and company? Far better, I would



Your agony aunt and editor, chilled by the breezes of Morfa Dyffryn.

reader of your magazine, which I admire immensely for its fortright articles on naturism. But being a widower over 70 I find I am an outcast as far as nudist camps go. The single person is put under taboo. I enjoy being with people and would very much like a female person's company - someone with the same interests as myself - for holidays and friendships. Can you explain the exclusion of single people from the joys of naturism? Perhaps you can suggest a suitable person for me to contact.'

I'm afraid it's not our policy to put readers in touch with one another. We'd hate having to take the blame if anything went

Seriously, why are you so sure the answer to your problems is a woman? It would be no fun if the only thing you had in common was an interest in naturism. What about being able to talk together and enjoy each other's company? Far better, I would

think, to find a partner in the usual way and then try to interest her in naturism later.

Meanwhile, there are avenues into naturism for the single person; why don't you explore those? Single people are welcome on the beaches, at Eureka Club and at the North London Swimming Club at Tottenham. Single people are always welcome to take holidays with the naturist tour operators. And if they join the Central Council for British Naturism, you'll be in touch with other naturists and sooner or later, find yourself welcomed by them

Now that naturism is becoming more acceptable, and the recession is among us, I receive more letters like the following;

'Once again I'm thinking of next year's (hopefully) hot summer. Heeding the Prime Minister's advice to go where no man has gone before and find a job, I am writing to you in the hope you can help. I would like naturist work abroad but I'm not

sure where to write. It's getting so bad with jobs and money becoming scarce up here in soggy Merseyside, I can't even afford to buy H and E any more (only joking — honest). I have had some experience in working in shops, children's homes and for a local paper. Amongst my thousand-and-one other talents I'm a hard worker, adaptable and I make a great cuppa — essential qualities for an office junior. Any vacancies in the H and E offices?'

I'm afraid not. Anyway, if your main interest in life is naturism, you'd soon get tired of sitting writing in an editorial office when the sun's shining outside. But your letter is written with wit and style. Why don't you write some freelance articles for us?

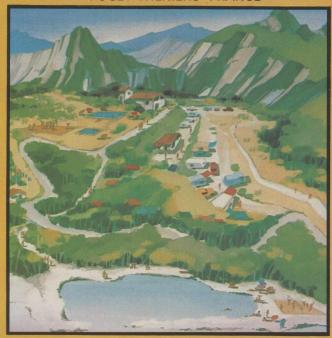
I presume you've got no commitments, like a family to keep or a mortgage to pay. Why don't you write to all the travel companies who advertise in H and E and ask them if you can help them?

Male readers write about their erections all the year round. This letter comes from Caen in France;

'When I am nude at home I have no problem, but once on the beach and at the water's edge I get an erection and I feel as if I need to urinate. This has happened for years and after about half an hour this feeling goes. Is this common among men? This can be rather embarrasssing as many naturists seem to find the sight of a man with an erection objectionable. No-one has ever actually said anything to this effect to me, and furthermore I have only ever been on a naturist beach and never to a club. One thing I have wondered about is whether naturists ever wear underwear in



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'Should one present oneself in the nude to the doctor, or keep wearing trousers?'

their everyday lives. When I told friends that I never wear shorts under my trousers they appeared quite surprised and said they thought this would feel strange to the penis. On the contrary, I feel far more comfortable. Thus I am always a bit of a naturist whether at work or in the town but I should like to know whether other naturists, male and female do the same (many women, even non-naturists, dare to go without their bras in the summer, but what about their briefs? Still worn I expect through fears of upsetting accepted custom!) Only one problem with leaving out this part of one's attire, when one visits the doctor and he asks you to take off your clothes to your underwear - should one just present oneself in the nude or keep on the trousers?"

My friend — doctors have seen it all! Their only reaction to a lack of underpants would be that your rapid undressing saved them a few minutes off a busy day. Don't forget, that in hospitals their rounds are made much quicker by their patients being already prepared for examination, by having next-to-

nothing on to impede progress.

As for your beach erections — it sounds to me they're caused, along with your desire to pee, by the cold water hitting your toes. I don't suppose anyone else on the beach notices them. After all, they're not all going to be studying your personal anatomy, are they?

Many of you write just to tell me about your lives. Here is such a letter from Essex;

'I was engaged to be married and then for various reasons with faults on both sides - we decided to split up. The split had nothing to do with naturism - I only joined the club after the break-up — but I went through a very bad bout of depression. It has taken me a while to get over it but I hope very soon to get a flat and start living again. I only wish I had joined the naturist club earlier — it is so nice to have somewhere to escape the pressures of the world, if only for a few hours.

I should appreciate your comments, either privately to me or through your column, as to whether you find anything wrong in my reasons for wanting to be a



If this young couple have problems, they ought to write to Susan Mayfield.



No wonder naturism is sometimes compared to the Garden of Eden.

nudist, i.e. a simple rebelling against conservative clothes. I like modern fashions and enjoy wearing sweat shirts and jeans. Sometimes at the club I don't get completely undressed but wear shorts which are suitable when the weather is not too good and which I feel relaxed in. I just resent having to be dressed up like a dog's dinner for work when I could still do my job satisfactorily wearing jeans.

Although I have a lot of friends of both sexes, I am fed up with being a bachelor. I still miss my ex and think about her every day and what might have been. I would love to meet another lady of about my own age who shares my interest in nudism and the club is not really the place to chat girls up.'

You ask if nudism, expressed as a rebellion against conservative clothes, is O.K. Of course it is! The idea is to wear what you want — or don't want, as the case may be.

Asking my opinion about such a trivial point leads me to think your self-confidence is at a low, because of the recent break-up of your engagement. The simplest cure for a broken heart is — a new love-affair. Start working on it!

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'Gran Canaria' (Puerto Rico) Apartments, sleep 2/7, pool, maid, naturist beaches ¾ mile. Average temperature 75-85°F all year. Details from Rochdale (0706) 43705.

Attractive Mexican Executive 40's, seeks girlfriend 20-32 to accompany him, visit Europe next June. Expenses paid: Photo/Details to: Apartado Postal 30-488 06470 Mexico 4DF, Mexico.

Secretary/Typist wanted to work in naturist family environment. Good hours, good rates of pay. N. Kent/Swanley area. Apply in confidence to — Box No. 2024.

Leeds photographer requires part-time amateur/professional female models ages 25/50 for private classical nude collection. Fees and fares paid. Give details for interview. — Box No. 2023.

Nude Drawings, watercolours from your photograph, from £25, by qualified professional artist. Illustrated brochure from Hunter, P.O. Box 175, Reading RG4 7LQ. Phone 0734 470367.

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AT HOME IN FRANCE

PERSONAL VIEW

We in Britain have a rosy picture of naturism in France. All those super naturist holiday centres; all those free beaches; all those liberal ideas . . . but to a Frenchman it's not always like that. Certainly prejudice exists. Here Patrice Duguay, of Caen, presents his own view of naturism in France.

I SHOULD begin by saying that I myself am a naturist — a garden naturist. That is to say that my other half and I go nude on our balcony and sometimes visit a 'free beach' which is the only one of its kind in the area and there are not very many people who practice naturism because everyone waits for someone else to make the first move!

Furthermore, there is no official authorisation, simply tolerance. I begin with this point.

Is it not incredible that in an area like the Calvados, where there are so many holiday homes and beaches, there is no fully authorised free beach? We find that in the area where we go we always receive disapproving glances from the people there who are very much against public nudity. You have probably heard of this place called 'Les Vaches Noires', (The Black Cows).

How long must we wait for a mini AGDE or PORT NATURE in our area? The clubs are really very mediocre and it isn't worth subscribing. Why should naturists have to camp on sites where they are considered outsiders?

I love naturism and everything that is beautiful and natural. We



are not strange creatures or aliens. People think nothing of one-piece bikinis, so why stop there? People's reactions are sometimes ridiculous; it is far more titillating to see a woman scantily dressed or rather undressed, in suggestive bits than to see her in her natural state just as she was created! Perhaps we can hope to see Cabourg or Deauville turning towards naturism in the near future! . . .

I return to the subject of naturism indoors as this is an important part of total nudity. With the exception of three or four months of the year, naturists practice their naturism at home. It can be everywhere. The housework, washing-up, all leisure activities can be done in the nude. I believe that all the run-of-the-mill chores should be done in this state as this creates a marvellous feeling of well-being

and fulfils any couple's relationship.

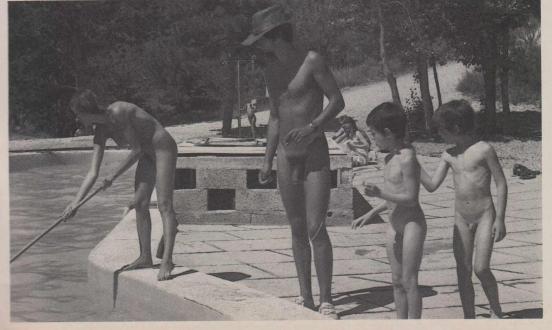
I am lucky in that I have very tolerant neighbours who don't mind us wandering around the balcony naked and in fact quite a few people in our area are home naturists. Nevertheless, we are not even totally free in this respect, as friends of ours have had complaints lodged against them simply for walking in front of their windows with no clothes on!

Society and all its taboos destroys beauty even in its purest forms. On this subject of beauty, I would like to take up the comments of one of H & E's readers on the subject of pregnant ladies. It is certainly true that there is nothing more beautiful than a lady in this state and I hope that H & E will publish photos along these lines as often as possible. I would say to lady naturists that you should not feel obliged to hide yourselves when you are pregnant. Perhaps we shall see a pregnant lady winning a prize in your photo contest one day? You may be sure I shall send you photos of my other half when she is

To finish this article I would like to go back to the question of shaving pubic hair. Why is it considered normal (and the models in H & E prove this) to shave the armpits and not the rest?

It should be all or nothing! We are provided with hair because it is useful but if we decide to shave it we should do so everywhere. If my wife shaves under her arms she shaves her pubic hair as well, otherwise she remains 'au naturelle' which is equally attractive.

Don't forget either that the question of masculine depilation should also be considered as this certainly exists. Whether for or against this, it should be discussed and I count on H&E to do so just as I hope you will publish some articles on naturism at home with photos, as the movement is going on there as much as anywhere else!



The MEDIA and ME

NO matter how many times you visit your Naturist Club it is very likely that you will always remember your first time. Similarly I always remember my first encounter with the media.

Larches Sun Club on the Somerset/Devon border were advertising for members in the local press. B.B.C. Radio West responded and arranged with the Club secretary to come to the club grounds to record an item for a radio programme called 'Holidays West'. The secretary immediately called upon me to assist, since I was South Western Regional Secretary and newly elected President of the CCBN.

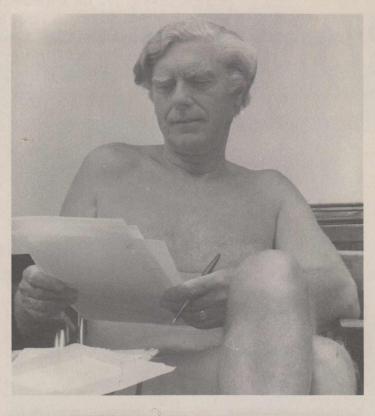
We met the B.B.C. party on a sunny showery Sunday afternoon. The reporter was an Irishman called Colm Connelly who was accompanied by a technician, and to our surprise two charming young ladies, a blonde and a brunette called Ann and Anna, who were B.B.C. secretaries persuaded to come along to take part in the recording.

Following introductions to about thirty members, including Alan, now INF President, it became apparent that the programme was to be based on introducing both Ann and Anna to naturism, the steps we would take to achieve this, and end with their personal impressions.

Following sound level checks, the microphone was thrust under my chin, and I was asked the somewhat forthright question of how I would set about getting the two ladies to strip. I well remember replying that I would certainly not persuade them, nobody has their arm twisted in Naturism. They must strip of their own free will and accord when they felt confident to do so.

Confidence would grow from being with us, and because they were not under any pressure, it was not long before they both stripped and jumped into the small swimming pool. This was their first plunge into naturism, which they obviously enjoyed.

It takes courage to make that first step, but I know of very few who ever regretted it. Indeed the only regret most of them had was that they did not take the plunge long before. Ann and Anna made no secret of their delight of their new found freedom, punctuated by splashes. Their enjoyment was duly recorded,



This month we're having quite a hard look at how naturism relates to the rest of the world, and at the place of naturists in the world. We always have to bear in mind that the only ideas about us the public have are gleaned from the papers, the radio and the television.

What sort of face should we present when the media comes visiting? Gerry Ryland, the President of the Central Council for British Naturism, has had a lot of experience of meeting the media.

for the forthcoming programme.

In the meantime the good ladies of Larches had prepared tea in the caravan which served as a pavilion, and two rather wet young ladies draped in towels sat with us, they were completely relaxed, and quite at home.

A shower of rain prolonged our tea-break, but once back into the sunshine further contributions were recorded. Since it seemed somewhat unfair for only the ladies to take the plunge, we jokingly brought some pressure to bear on the two gentlemen, and not wishing to appear 'chicken' — they too stripped and plunged into the pool. Pity

they were not from B.B.C. T.V. as we would have some film to remember, they all certainly had an afternoon to remember. We never heard of Ann and Anna again, but I would hope they and their families which I am sure they have acquired by now are all naturists. As for our reporter Mr. Connelly, I heard sometime later from another B.B.C. contact that he had returned to Ireland, and joined Radio Eirean.

My first encounter with T.V. soon followed, and took place at 'Tara' — the lovely grounds of Bristol Solarians. H.T.V. were interested in filming an item on

naturism, and arrangements were made for me to join Doreen well known Solarians secretary at 'Tara'. H.T.V. had a naturist 'mole' at the time, and on the eve of our meeting, I received a phone call giving me details of the reporter and the camera crew, indeed we knew more about them before we met than ever they knew about us.

Doreen and I had previously agreed that it would not be a naked interview, swimming and sunbathing O.K. — but not a T.V. interview.

We sat in canvas chairs, while the cameraman set up a small platform only a very short distance from us. He fiddled around with the settings and focussing, but could not, so he said, avoid getting Doreen's bikini top into the picture.

Whether this was true or whether he was just determined to get her 'topless' we shall never know, but to save further ado, Doreen removed her 'top' and I removed my shirt, and so did our reporter. We may have appeared naked on the screens, but we were not. Following sound level checks, we were soon 'on camera' and we both spoke out well to the questions fired at us. The camera was then re-adjusted and aimed at the reporter while he repeated some of the questions. These are separately filmed and edited in at the studio. When they were satisfied with the filming, we all retired to the pavilion for coffee and biscuits, after which I returned home and back to the office.

That evening Doreen phoned me with the news that our film would not be shown on T.V. until the following day, the crew had only just left the Club.

Apparently they spent some time filming at random before leaving for lunch. About an hour later they returned having mislaid a reel of film, could it have been left in the pavilion? That we shall never know, but we do know that they all stripped and spent the afternoon sunbathing and swimming as guests of Doreen.

The reporter has since joined the B.B.C. and more recently as their Energy Spokesman, often appearing in the News and Nationwide, I wonder if Michael Buerk remembers that afternoon in the sun?

My next T.V. appearance was









'A day in the studios is a day to remember. I lost count of the celebrities I met.'

very different indeed. Our P.R.O. reserved a slot in the London Weekend programme designed to give minority groups an opportunity to present their case, and asked me to assist. I immediately contacted Craven and Christine of Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club who offered their help in scripting the show, and providing film clips from 'Travelling Light'. This was made by Craven and enjoyed wide distribution, and was a milestone in presenting naturism to the public.

We made two trips to the London Weekend studios before we had our show 'in the can'. A day in the studio is a day to remember, I lost count of the celebrities we met, but perhaps the highlight was taking tea with some of the cast of 'Upstairs Downstairs' which was at the height of popularity at the time.

Not long after that a group of us from the south west, took part in a similar type of show which was filmed in the H.T.V. studios at Bristol.

I also took part in a filmed interview for an evening news item from B.B.C. Bristol with Gwyn Richards asking the questions. Before we went on camera, we had a 'warm up' he asked me some splendid questions which I answered confidently, but on camera he changed the format completely. I challenged him afterwards when we were having a drink in the Bar, he told me it was deliberate policy in order that the programme would not appear to be rehearsed. I think we must keep in mind that they are not there to assist our cause, and do not really know enough about the subject to ask good questions.

Resulting from the splendid I.N.F. Congress at South Hants Sun Club, Charlotte our previous P.R.O. and myself took part in a T.V. News interview with Bruce Parker of B.B.C. 'South Today'. This was very well received, and I enjoyed working with Charlotte.

It was at the I.N.F. Congress that the introduction to the B.B.C. T.V. documentary film 'Let's Go Naked' was filmed. That had an enormous impact, and resulted in hundreds of inquiries being received. I have since lobbied the B.B.C. to show it again. They repeat most programmes, why not this one?

It is difficult to assess the impact of short interviews, image is important, and I would always aim to be smartly and conventionally dressed. We should appeal to the general public, not the fringes. We must grind away at prejudice where it will have the greatest effect.

Towards the end of last season I was quoted in the 'Sunday Times' for saying that within five years naturism will become generally accepted.

This led to an invitation to take part in 'Start the Week' on Radio 4. Chairman Desmond Wilcox challenged me on this comment and I confirmed my five year prediction. The point I failed to make, and it is so easy to know what you should have said after the opportunity, was that smokers are accepted, or maybe tolerated by society. Those who strongly object have 'no smoking' areas set aside for



We are prepared to admit that pretty girls help to promote the movement.

them. I see no difference in a situation where sections of our beaches and public sunbathing areas are marked 'No Costumes' and sections of buildings and buses are marked 'No Smoking'. I do not know whether costumes will be stamped with a Government Health warning, but I am working on it!

Desmond also asked me if I went naked in the house, I think he wanted me to say 'Yes' so that they could have a giggle, and ask sillies about the milkman, or frying sausages in wellies or something. I'm glad I denied them the opportunity.

Mavis Nicholson surprised me by her reference to 'Friends of the Earth' — who were calling attention to themselves by riding bicycles naked. I could not think what connection there was with 'Naturism', and sad to think that any sort of nudity for whatever purpose is associated with us.

I was certainly astounded when Kenneth Robinson mentioned Health and Efficiency, I have always believed that references to proprietary items are taboo at the Beeb.

He said he had been researching Naturism, and spent several minutes reading items from his script that nobody could associate with Naturism as we know it, and I'm sure that he knew it also, but being a seasoned professional he could not resist playing 'cat and mouse' with the amateur. He omitted to mention the articles about holidays, health and natural foods, there was nothing to giggle about in these.

When I returned from Broadcasting House, my wife informed me that Radio Durham wanted to chat to me in connection with the National A.G.M. due to take place at 'Greenacres' Sun Club. I made a five minute broadcast by telephone hook-up.

I have taken part in quite a few of these, mostly to the smaller networks, but I will always be willing to chat to the 'sprat' in order to catch the 'mackerel' who may be listening.



Clubs are happier nowadays to allow visitors and photography.



A NEW SORT **OF SUN-CLUB**

We like to keep an eye on trends at Health and Efficiency. We like to look to the future. to compare the present with the past, to predict the way things are going, to speculate on how they will go.

We keep our eye on interesting clubs and resorts. If something new comes up we wonder; will this start a new trend?

That's how it is with the Gymno-club Mediteranéen, at Serignan Plage.

known in the naturist world, so different?

This is a club that does not shut itself away. It is right next door to various ordinary camp-sites, and its beach is shared by other campers.

What does this mean in practice? It means Gymno-club has probably introduced more people to naturism than any other club.

Holiday-makers venture onto the beach, little dreaming they are next door to a 'nudist colony' and find the beach littered with nude people - naturists who have every right to be there. At first they may be taken aback. Then the thought comes almost insiduously - if I try it, no-one at home will ever know.

We receive many letters at H & E from those who went to Serignan deliberately, in an attempt to introduce their

WHY is Serignan, as it is | families to naturism. And when their families, wives, girlfriends and children saw the beach they didn't mind joining in. Although no way would they have gone to a naturist beach if they'd known in advance!

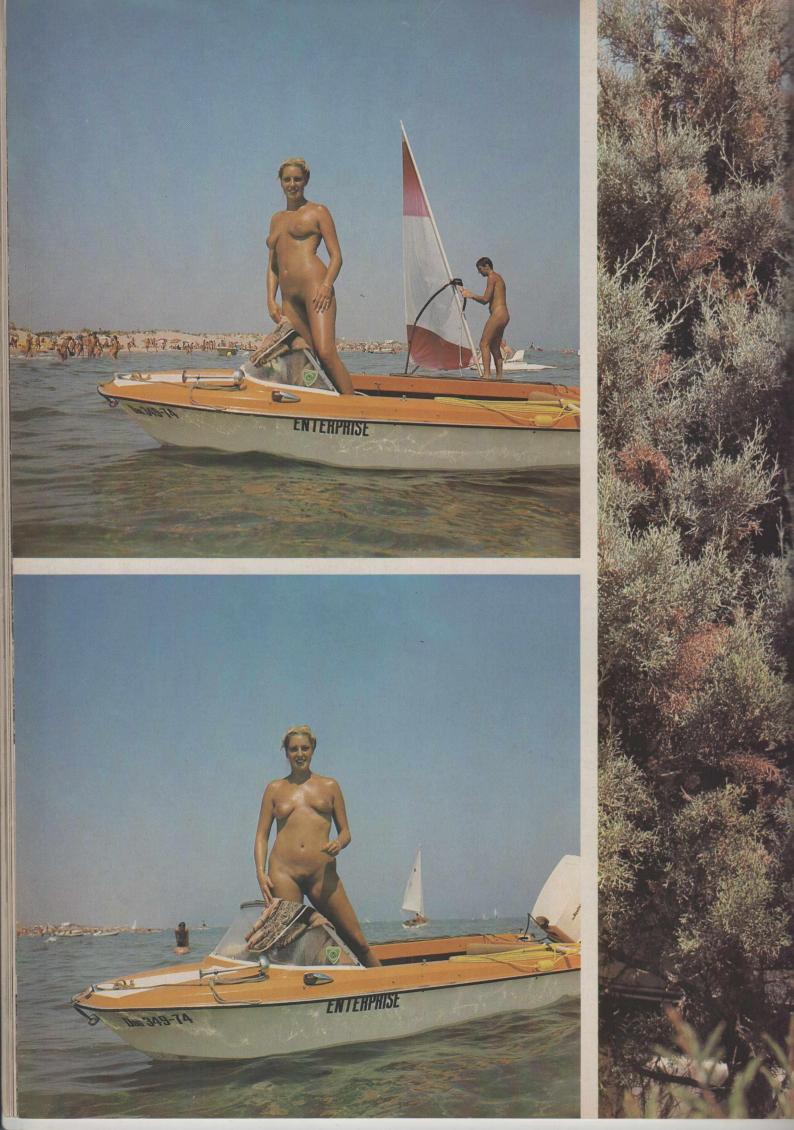
> There's another side to this too. One reader wrote and said he appreciated Serignan because it was the only place where a REAL choice between clothing and nudity was offered. And he was right. Most places request one or the other. Not so Serignan. You made that decision for yourself.

> Clubs in America are starting to follow the cult of 'clothing optionalism'. Is this, we ask ourselves, the new trend? Is this the direction clubs will take in 1982 and 1983?

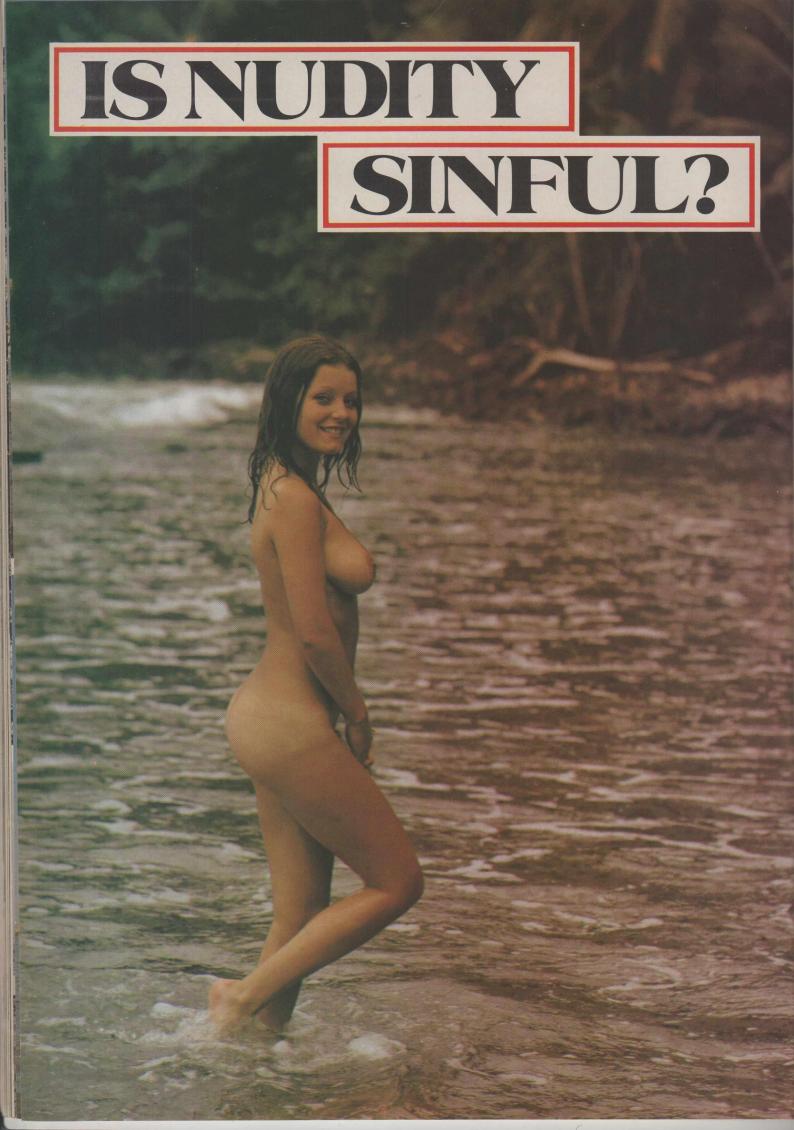
Is GCM, Serignan plage, among the forerunners of the new trend?











In looking at how naturism relates to the world outside, we are bound to consider religion because, deny it how we will, religious feeling is part of the lives of all of us.

First here we have a sweetly reasoned argument by Tom Main, his academic but witty training well to the fore. And in direct contrast, a deeply-felt piece by Jowan Restarrick. While Tom looks to the scriptures for proof that nudity is God-intentioned, Jowan tells us that nudity is the religion of his life.

Two points of view — the Christian and the frankly pagan — both coming to the same inevitable conclusion.

THOUGHT the bearded face which was approaching me looked familiar as it also expressed a sense of amazement. 'Hello Tom!' 'Hello Geoff!' I replied. We were friends of long standing, 'Whoever would have thought of meeting you here.' Both of us, in harmony with the rest of the people about, were absolutely starkers on a naturist beach, Geoff was a regular church-goer of the evangelical kind, 'You're right,' he replied, 'If they got to know about this at the church the Pastor would see I was drummed out!

After this recent experience, I questioned whether the old attitude, that nudity is taboo in the eyes of modern society, including Christians, remains correct.

Friends who are strict evangelical Christians invited me to spend an evening with them at their house. They wanted me to meet a visitor from the U.S.A. who had read something I had written several years ago about the lost Ark of the Covenant and its recovery. Melanie was a writer on archaeology besides being a 'Born Again' Christian.

Eventually she got on to me about religion knowing I had once been a missionary. The conversation drifted on to the morbid subject of life after death—the Heaven or Hell climax to life, according to evangelical

Christians.

'Are you now a disbeliever?' She wanted to know.

After a couple of hours of both of us stating opposing points of view, I thought it was time to play the other side, so I said: 'I don't only write about religious subjects. For instance,' I told her, 'I have an article about a holiday island published in a leisure magazine this month.' 'I guess it's a naturist magazine', quipped Melanie. As my friends own a house on the same island, I mentioned the name for their interest, saying: 'Yes, it is a well known naturist magazine called Health & Efficiency.' My amazement went beyond bounds when I heard all three evangelical Christians reply in unison 'Let's see it.' 'No!' was my reply, thinking of the pictures of nudes being condemned by them. 'Oh, we don't mind the pictures at all, let's see them also,' they chorused.

Over in Greece where naturists have problems we hear of opposition to nudism of a harsh kind. The Greek Orthodox Church has now prevailed in its ban on naturism to the effect that the Greek government now complies and naturists are — OUT. But naturism is the great tourist attraction of the sunny Mediterranean countries and this new Greek attitude will hit their tourist trade hard. Up comes a



But many others debate the issues involved.



Many naturists are Christians.

great idea: Let's get our movie (famous,) star brother, to come home to his country and make a film to help our tourist trade.

Telly Savalas arrived from the U.S.A. with his eight year-old son Nicholas and daughter Candice. Out of love of Nicholas' mother, Telly Savalas had postponed his son's christening for seven years until he could take him to her native village of Anorgia for the ceremony.

Nicholas was specially dressed for the occasion and quite happy until inside the church his Greek God-fathers started taking off his clothes in front of the congregation. The boy, yelling in protest brought his father into the scene with a 'cover up' idea for his shy boy's comfort. Greek Orthodox Church baptisms it seems, are done in the nude. Strange, is it not? A naked eight year-old boy in a State Church which has imposed a nudity ban.

'They were both naked (Adam and Eve) and were not ashamed.' so we read in the Adam and Eve story in the Bible Book of Genesis. That is exactly how the Creator made them and left them in the Garden of Eden — Naked.

Have you noticed, when in a naturist group, no-one seems to be aware that they are naked? As for sex, I have never heard it discussed in naturist groups. Nudity does something for us which we cannot explain but we know it is good.

Continuing in the story we are told that Adam and Eve hid themselves from their Creator when they became aware of their nudity and had 'sewn fig leaves together' to cover up their nakedness. So commenced the cover-up society.

But the rebuking voice from Heaven came forth loud and clear: 'Who told you, you are naked?'

As naturists here is our mandate, who dare point an accusing finger at us in derision of our nudism? We are on the side of our Creator. Sensitivity to nudity is wrong and the sign of a distorted mental attitude toward the human body.

This attitude, it seems, prompted the translators of the English King James (I) Bible (1611) to add the letter 'S', to make 'skin' read 'skins', as: 'coats of skins', suggesting the Creator was the first slaughterer of animals to make fur coats for Adam and Eve to wear in place of their fig leaves. Of course this is not true.

Looking into my Hebrew and Greek bibles, I found the original word should be read as 'skin' in the singular form, to read in English: 'Unto Adam and his wife (Eve) did the Lord make coats (one each) of skin and clothed them.' Simple isn't it? The natural covering of our first parents was their own birthday suits specially made for them of skin. In fact the word in the Greek reading is 'derma' from which we get the commonlyknown word 'dermatology' the study of human skin.

So the objective of the Creator was positive for in the

story he goes on to remove the fig leaves from Adam and Eve, so stripping them back to their naked state as if to say: 'You don't cover up my good workmanship.' Back to their birthday suits they went and that was the judgement day for the prudes as it says 'cover up' not 'nudity' is the sin.

Isaiah we are told walked barefoot and naked through the streets of Jerusalem for a full three years. There is no doubt that there was here total nudity, for the command from Heaven was: 'Go and loose the sackcloth off thy loins and put off the shoe off thy foot and he did so, walking naked and barefoot.'

In fact, the naked state is endorsed as the natural way to appear before God, for example, King Saul of Israel, in his youth joined a school of prophets, whose practice it was to worship God in the naked state, this was acceptable to their teacher Samuel the famous prophet of the bible.



The true Christian ideal is service to others.

Nudism-my Religion

by Jowan Restarrick

SOME people think nudism | hard and the great tingle of and the naked way of life | feeling into our skins as we warm incompatible with religion. A recent paper pushed in my door from the Christadelphians held out the best hope for mankind in their own words 'a worldwide divine dictatorship'. I find this a doctrine of despair, offering no hope of man improving his ability to work together, and live within the resources of the planet earth.

Perhaps the nudist is closer to nature and therefore God than many who claim to speak for Him, define Him, as you will. When one is naked in the great outdoors (our church) one cannot but be aware of man's vulnerability and place in relation to nature and the elements. Those of us who have felt the sun, wind, rain, hail, sleet or snow on our bodies, (sometimes all in one day) will know what I mean.

To come out of an icy sea into a bitter wind and feel it cut almost to the bone, and in frosty times the bite of it on our skins now brick red, that together with the quite different feeling on a boiling hot summer's day, of the relatively cold sea and the sweltering air, that my friend is living! To run naked on a winter day, until both dry and warm again to feel the heart pumping

up, what of this do our overclad and underexposed churchleaders know?

Mass dwelling, industry and nature do not go together. No one can try to understand nature. Who has not been exposed to her changing moods? One is more aware of them naked, be it summer or winter. To lie nude in the open air with a loving companion to caress and make love is a joyful experience all ought to have the opportunity to know. To come fresh and wet from the sea to a girl and get warm and dry enjoying each other and in warm weather to cool off after having intercourse together, in the water is divine. We are then closer to nature, God call it what you will, than in any formal church made by man.

Did our ancestors worship in groves of trees, often naked? A girl I once knew often used to practise yoga with me naked in the open air, on a beach or in the country. It did bring us closer to Nirvana, than when we practised together indoors, especially if having to wear a costume.

Clothes detract from the true religious feeling as they insulate us from the true realities of living. The more we expose our naked bodies to the elements the more we are in tune with the rest of creation. The genitals benefit (male and female) at least as much as the rest of the body from fairly frequent airings, plus a good coat of suntan.

A family I know have a 10ft by 8ft greenhouse in their secluded garden, with a cement floor covered with a piece of carpet. Here they spend much of their free time on days too cold to strip off outside in the afternoons. They call it their winter weather church and some ultra violet rays get through the glass. They find it handy to go into for a warm up after working in the garden nude in cold weather. They have had, they tell me, and I can well believe it, many tender loving moments on that old bit of carpet warmed by their love and the winter sun on the glass. That is true worship.

There is no sin in sex unless we put it there, sex is part of the joy of living. It would certainly be more healthy for young people and children growing up to be used to seeing couples locked in love as one, than the common daily ration of violence offered today as entertainment.

Only a few years ago country children were accustomed to seeing all farm livestock couple and now there are grown people of 30/40 years of age, who have never even seen a cockbird tread a hen. And that's progress?

In some parts of the world it's a crime to kiss or cuddle in any public place. Until society grows up and can tolerate and enjoy public loving, we are only still a degree removed from them. No natural function is unfit to see, and to argue otherwise is the final blasphemy.

A society that in the not very distant past permitted public displays of hanging and flogging for the delectation of its citizens and yet proscribed public acts of love is damned deservedly. There is no greater love than that of one sex for the other and the offspring of that love, therefore the physical manifestation of that love is beautiful not obscene.

Our society suffers from too many words and not enough physical contact, a touch can convey feelings impossible to put into mere words, just a handshake or arm around a shoulder can say so much on the right occasion, as we all learn. An uncle used to say (from bitter experience I expect) 'It takes half your life to learn how to live and then it's too late.' Many come to nudism too late, those of us who have been convinced of its value from our early teens are luckier than we know.





NUDE AT

NEWBOROUGH is a bleak windswept village standing high on a knoll in the far south of the island of Anglesey. It's at the western entrance to the Menai Strait, and it makes up for its uninviting appearance by the splendour of its situation — facing, as it does, one of the grandest landscapes in the British Isles.

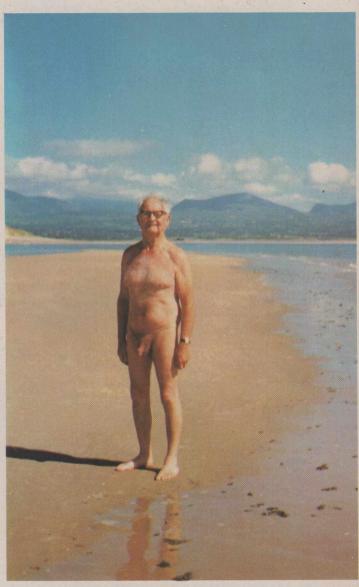
From the village the ground descends gently to the vast expanse of Newborough Warren — a veritable Sahara desert of giant dunes and shifting sands — and, incidentally, one of the most remarkable ecological sites in Europe.

Further west stretch the serried ranks of conifers that make up the great Forest of Newborough. And somewhere, unseen, in the midst of the Forest is a big car park thoughtfully provided by

the Forestry Commission giving ready access to the beach of Llanddwyn Bay.

Beyond the Warren twinkle the blue sparkling waters of the Strait, and the slender towers of Caernarvon Castle can just be glimpsed in the distance. And still further back, in the far distance, rise tier upon tier of splendid mountains — Snowdon with its cloud-cap, the heights of Y Garn and Carnedd Goch, the triple peaks of The Rivals, and the long slow decline of the Lleyn Peninsula as it stretches on and on, to merge imperceptibly into the sea close by the mysterious island of Bardsey. An inspiring background, indeed!

And somewhere — between the Warren and the Strait — lies one of the finest naturist beaches in Britain. The problem is, how best to get there?



Enjoying the sun - Norman at Newborough.

NEWBOROUGH

If naturism can be defined by persistence and determination, Norman Tillett must be one of the most dedicated naturists of all! We're grateful he's written down his experiences and passed on all the information you need to find Newborough Warren, in Anglesey, North Wales. If there was a competition for the most beautiful beach in Britian, Newborough would surely win.

This was a puzzle that faced us, two dedicated naturists, as we arrived in our motor-caravan in Newborough one sunny evening in July. Camping was no problem — there's an excellent caravan site close by the church. A reconnaissance took us along the winding track through the forest to the car park amongst the firs. We sauntered down to the beach. There were a fair number of 'textile' visitors around: a few were bathing and quite a number were making a leisurely way westwards towards Llanddwyn Island — a favourite

Few, however, seemed to penetrate in the opposite direction: there, eastwards towards the Warren, the beach appeared quite deserted. Plainly, if we wanted some undisturbed sunbathing naked, this was the place to aim for!

Again I studied the map. It showed a well-defined track from the village running directly across the Warren towards Abermenai Point — the far end of Newborough beach. To me it looked simple enough . . .

The weather looked promising next morning; and from nine o'clock onwards a steady stream of cars were making their way past our camp towards the Forest. Soon, I surmised, the car park would be full and the beach packed with 'textiles' to suffocation. Another careful look at the Warren from above! I reckoned that crossing it on foot would take about an hour; plenty of time for a picnic on the beach, a brisk nude swim and a lazy afternoon sunbathing — and still time enough to get back to camp in time for a late tea!

Marshy

And that (as it turned out) was one big mistake . . .

Close by the camp a green lane descends steeply towards the Warren. It becomes a grassy

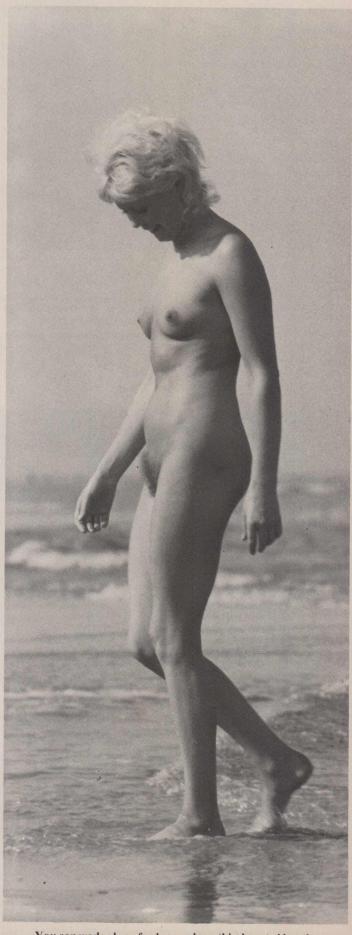
track between marshy fields and eventually it merges into the dunes beyond. Now it's really warm in the sun. There's not a soul in sight. The temptation is irresistible! I remove my shirt and shorts and tuck them into my rucksack, and I stride on, naked. What a joy it is once again to be walking in sun and air with nothing on!

At first it's still firm, solid ground to walk on, carpeted with myriads of colourful wildflowers. Truly, a botanist's paradise! But, all too soon, the going deteriorates. Soon it's become a wearisome trudge through loose sand - and wading knee-deep through prickly marram-grass. On and on - up and down, up and down... now and again a clamber to the top of a dune reveals acres and acres of billowing sandhills, merging into the distance. An hour passes. Then another half-hour. And still no sign of the sea! Can we really be lost, in this Sahara-like wilderness?

Despairingly, we descend into a gully — a deep miniature canyon, in truth — between towering sand-hills. With every step, fatigue increases. And the joy of walking nude begins to fade away. Surely, surely, this tiresome gully will lead somewhere?

Sparkling

It does. All of a sudden — a miracle! The gully debouches on to a magnificent beach. The tide has ebbed and acres of golden sand stretch before our eyes. There's a vision of sparkling blue wavelets, and the mountain chain beyond the Strait seems unnaturally near. Rather less satisfactory is the unwelcome sight of a 'textile' family - Pa, Ma and two small kids ensconced happily behind a wind-shelter. Evidently they've settled in for the day! It looks as if, in our wanderings, we've



You can wade along for hours along this deserted beach.

arrived too far up the beach, and there's still a walk before us to attain the naturist area.

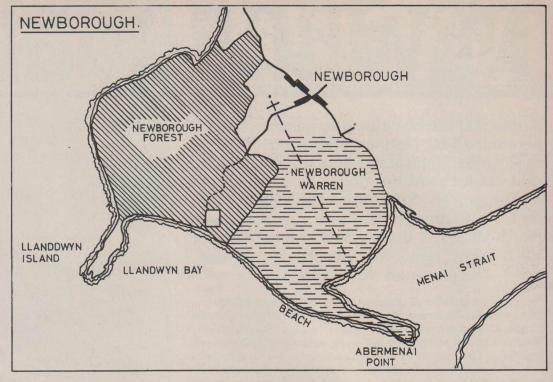
But, for the time being, we are too exhausted to go any further. Greedily we munch our sandwiches and drink our Thermos coffee — and incontinently fall asleep.

Swimming

It's past three o'clock when we awake — and there's no time to lose. No time, too, for any false modesty! The 'textiles' haven't moved. We walk on past them and press on to the water's edge, there to strip in the full glare of publicity. If they see us, they don't take the slightest notice. Perhaps, here on Newborough beach, naturists are now accepted as part of the natural landscape?

In the water it's heavenly. For the coast of Wales, the sea is surprisingly mild. We have to wade out some way before we can swim — but it's worth it! And what a place to be bathing nude! It's an inspiration, no less, to stand waist-deep in the sea and look across to that glorious mountain back-drop... If only one could linger, a long, long time...

Nor are we alone. As we Anglesey to recross the beach a naked figure happy . . .



emerges from the dunes, followed by another. One man, one girl. They wave cheerfully to us as they dash across the sands. And it's good to know, surely, that others beside ourselves know this splendid spot in Anglesey to be naked — and happy . . .

But now it's four o'clock and a grim prospect lies before us. What an exhausting business it was getting here . . . and will the return journey be any better? (And this time, with no food or drink to sustain us.) Luckily, there's one encouraging feature: at least we have a 'marker' at

which to aim — for Newborough church stands starkly on the horizon and it's not too difficult generally to keep it in view. All the same, it's a terribly trying plod across those shifting sands — and it's two dead-beat naturists who finally stumble into camp some two hours later. And never did a cup of tea go down quite so well!

Afterwards, of course, there's the inevitable post-mortem. One credit-mark to start with — for all naturist devotees of nude walking, Newborough Warren is an idyllic site. There can be few places in Britain where one can walk all day long in complete security. And for that one must be grateful. Equally surely, it's no way to get to that distant naturist beach!

But of course, that may be no bad thing - part of the charm of a naturist beach is its very inaccessibility - and here, it's a guarantee that it will remain forever inviolate. The Warren is one thing — the beach another. Hence one can but advise our fellow naturists who seek out the joys of swimming in the sea nude to start, at least, with the orthodox. Better, far better, to make for the Forest car-park, and walk on, until the last of the 'textiles' are left behind and the beach of one's dreams comes into view.

Frequently naturists have to learn the hard way. This had happened to us — at Newborough. It had been worth it... but only just! And next year's visit is eagerly anticipated — if only to stand and gaze, naked, at that marvellous view . . .



You can hide in the sand-dunes - if you like that sort of thing.

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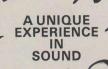
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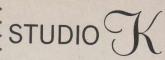
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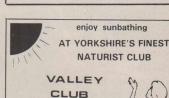
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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO ALL OUR READERS

We wish to thank you for the overwhelming response to our special insert in H & E, and take pleasure in welcoming you on a Nature Holiday.

We would like to apologise to those that have been unable to take advantage of our special offer and hope to welcome you next year.

Advance registration now open.

STOP PRESS

Additional allocation for France just contracted.

We will be writing directly to those on our waiting list.

Pegasus House, 8A High Street, Biggleswade, Beds. Tel: 0767 313194 - 316668

Health and Efficiency often comes into criticism from naturists and non-naturists alike. But, points out George Mann, the pictures in the magazine are the window-dressing of the movement. We want to attract people to our way of life — of course we present the best picture possible to outsiders.

WINDOW DISPLAYS

MONCE sought work as a window dresser. I had made some rough sketches which an advertising executive described as encouraging. Poor man must have had defective eyesight.

A large company did, in fact, give me a chance to show what I could do. My efforts to produce displays suitable for city centres were a complete disaster. I was hopeless.

It was pointed out to me that the object of window dressing was to attract customers. My efforts were having the opposite effect! At clothing dummies and draping material in attractive folds it was me who was the dummy. I was told to go my way.

I still like to look at attractive displays. Indeed I often photograph them. I also like to look at paintings and sculptures depicting the human form. Homo sapiens can be quite beautiful.

Many naturists depicted in our magazine, both male and female, are most attractive. Which leads some to complain that naturism is unfairly presented. And that not all naturists could contest a Miss World or Mister Universe competition.

Of course not! But why would the young and attractive not be given pride of place? Have you ever seen a shop window made deliberately unattractive? The naturist press is concerned to entertain and to sell naturism. To do that we must, generally speaking, appeal to the young and the young in heart.

I have never been concerned with selecting naturist photographs for publication. But I have photographed both male and females naturally naked. And I have employed professional models. Nothing deceitful in that. Because professional models are often practising naturists. Or are entirely sympathetic to our way of life.

It does not bother me if a naturist photographer no longer asks permission to photograph me. Once I was regularly employed modelling. For artists, sculptors and photographers.



How much should we 'dress up' the naturist movement?

But one must be realistic. I know that there are younger and more personable models available.

To my certain knowledge the young women and handsome youths whose photographs appear in the naturist press induce others to embrace naturism. The better the window display the more effective the result.

There are many superb physical specimens in the naturist world. Join us and you will meet them. You will also meet older people. If the not-so-young aren't physically perfect they have other attributes. They can offer friendship, wise counsel and genuine encouragement to emergent naturists.

Imagine yourself the editor of

a naturist magazine. You are selecting photographs for publication. Between two young women which picture do you choose? The most beautiful or the less beautiful? Between two young men, one of excellent physique, which would you choose? Be honest!

I make sure that only my best photographic work is displayed. I'm talking not only of nude photography. My photographic world is of people, places and things. Any work of mine I regard as not top quality has only one resting place. The trash can.

A few years ago a well known journalist had some uncomplimentary things to say about the naturist press. He too accused us of deceit. I invited

him to spend some time with my own naturist group. He would, I assure you, have met some lovely girls and handsome youths. Not surprisingly he declined my invitation.

Those who criticise the naturist press and the naturist movement are, without exception, devoid of experience. Or the courage to gain any. More fools they!

I have never known a recruit to naturism failing to benefit. In looks, in health and in general well-being. Not only are the benefits of naturism physical. Minds develop. Become broader and less hypocritically censorious.

Quite often a girl may consider herself not particularly attractive. Yet discover, through naturism, that such is not the case. Particularly I remember a girl who once was my secretary.

The young lady knew that I was a naturist. Nothing, she said, would induce her to accompany me to a sun club. I did not press the matter beyond assuring her she would be welcome. Eventually curiosity had to be satisfied. She came with me one weekday when, I assured her, the sun club would be sparsely populated.

In her everyday clothes it is true the young lady would not have had the film moguls clamouring for her services. Naked she was lovely. What she saw and experienced on that first visit changed her life.

Her pallid skin gradually took on a lovely over all tan. Shoulders that had been inclined to stoop straightened. She walked tall. And she started to live. In every sense of the word.

Within weeks she had fallen in love with a handsome young man. Within months she was married. Her initiation and acceptance of naturism was in no way unique. Many find health, happiness and a life partner through naturism. And not only the young fare as well.

Recently I introduced a divorcee of nearly 50 to naturism. The lady confessed to me that she felt life no longer held anything





The young and attractive have work to do - promoting the movement.

'The naturist press wishes to entertain, and to sell naturism.'

for her. She was lonely and depressed. Her shyness when first venturing naked into company was understandable. But kind naturists — and naturists are kind folk — helped her to acclimatise. She's married again now. Yes, to a naturist.

Self-respect

You may think that the lonely can find happiness through a marriage bureau. Or introduction agency. That is true. Except for one thing. Naturist introductions answer immediately and automatically many questions. Think about it, you non-naturists. Think about it!

Little doubt that some people, both men and women, try naturism in the hope of sexual titillation or adventure. They soon discover that overt sexuality and naturism are strangers. And go their unfulfilled way.

Some make an initial foray into naturism as exhibitionists. And discover that they are not the centre of attraction they imagined they would be. They too soon disappear.

Those who become committed naturists are, in my long experience, decent people. People who have, or develop, self-respect. Who have consideration for others and who behave responsibly.

If you believe the naturist press guilty of deceit, by publishing beautiful pictures, there is only one thing you can do to convince yourself otherwise. Join us. You have much to gain and nothing to lose

We naturists know that anybody too timid, too prejudiced or too ignorant to find out for themselves what naturism means should remain silent.

And if you are already a naturist, surely you want other people to join our movement? The benefits to them will be enormous and you'll want to persuade them.

You'll tell them about the sunshine, about the relaxed life, about the lovely people they'll meet. You might even show them a photo or two. What sort of photograph, I wonder, will you choose for your personal promotion of naturism.

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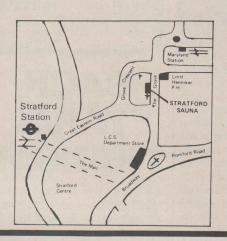
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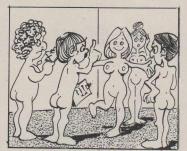
CAN you kindly tell me what are the right reasons for joining a naturist club? You see we have applied to join the — Club and they are sending a couple of committee members around to 'vet' us for suitability.' This is a quote from a recently received letter.

How do you reply? Do you say 'If you don't know, you're unsuitable?' Hardly, because, you see, I don't know myself. Yet I've been a member of about half a dozen clubs in my time — and never thrown out of any. And, I should add, never asked the dreaded question. If so, would I have qualified? Probably not.

Now an aptly named Sarah Organ, writing in the Colchester Evening Gazette has come to my rescue. Her article describes a visit to a local club. She explains the application-vetting process and then reveals all. 'The right reasons are: wanting to mix socially with other people on a totally equal basis and love of a healthy outdoor life.'

Amazing. I would never have thought of it. If these are the reasons, why go nude? Equality and sociability are to be found in many other life and club situations. As always Nudity, the whole reason for naturist clubs is either ignored or guiltily tip toed over.

Body shame, sex guilt, religious fear of nudity, the hypocrisy of clothing — none of these have any relevance. I add just one further comment. Illustrating the article were



drawings of six human figures two women, three men and a child. All full frontal. And all totally lacking sex organs.

Like those cute drawings that sometimes appear in the press. Boy and girl. Totally naked. Underneath a caption which always begins with 'LOVE IS. . But the poor dears haven't anything to make love with. I await the caption, 'LOVE IS IMPOSSIBLE'.

Come to think of it, didn't Boadicea mount long swords on her armies chariot wheels when she carved up Colchester. I was thinking of calling for her return, but it looks as though the damage is permanent. Now I wonder how the citizens of Colchester . . . enough. Love will find a way.

WURLD OF THE NATURIST

Our monthly dip into world-wide nudist events and news.

BACK YARD NUDISM

PRIVATE swimming pools are much more common than in Europe. The single story bungalow as well. Add to this combination high fencing between neighbouring properties and you get ideal conditions for what the Americans call 'back yard nudism'.

But nudity in public is still a crime. The 'indecent exposure' rule applies there, as here. They are behind us in publicising the idea of 'decent exposure'. The legal standing of clubs is secure. Free beaches have yet to win similar approval, but that is coming.

According to Mr. J. Hadley writing in a recent INF bulletin, 'private backyard nudism is considered the right of anyone and everyone and whenever arrests take place on private property it raises the ire of all liberal minded people.'

ARE YOU "LANDED"

IN the USA there are landed clubs and others. The others have no grounds of their own. They swan around the grounds of others. All told there are 140 clubs in the USA and they claim 25,000 members. Of these some 90 clubs have their own grounds and the remaining 50 are travel clubs made up of members with some common interest such as a particular sport.

There are also beach groups making use of free beaches. These are viewed with some suspicion by the landed clubs many of which are run on a business basis. The commercial owners fear the free beaches are just too free. After all, the reason, who would want to pay for nudity, even with facilities, when you can do the same thing for free on a public beach.

LAST BATTLER OF THE BEACH

MOST of our readers will know by now that the famous nude beach at Brighton has been run experimentally for the last two summers. Now its life has been extended for at least another three years. During the first year there was a few complaints from old die hards. but Police and Officials told the Brighton Parks Committee that there have been virtually no complaints this year. Councillor Blackman is much against the beach and still working for its closure. One must admire him. So much effort into such a lost cause.





DERIGUEUR

FINALLY what do we mean by free beaches? They are public beaches where we can go nude. More often these days they are secluded beaches near a naturist resort and used by people from those resorts. Over the years we have come to regard nudity as de rigueur. Textile visitors are expected to strip or pass on quickly. But what if the textile visitors should invade our naturist resorts and insist on remaining clothed — even to use the beach and to swim? Do we have any right to demand they strip? Now that we are insisting on public beaches where all may be free to strip or not, should we not return the compliment and open our nudist beaches to non-nudists?



A STING IN THE TAIL

DERHAPS Battling John Blackman could use the services of the African Witchdoctor who visited London recently. He told a woman reporter that he could get a bee to travel 70 miles to sting an enemy. With such troops John Blackman would soon 'clean up' Brighton's beach. Perhaps he could hire Dr. Ngombe? But maybe the good Dr. Ngombe is on our side. He said to the lady reporter. 'I see you dressed and say to myself I would like to make love to you. But if you sat here for two hours without your clothes, I would have no appetite for you.' And Dr. Ngombe would be handy to have as a member of your club. He has other powers. 'I can stop the rain', he said 'I put a knife into a fire, make it red hot, pour some medicine on it, and hold it up and the rain stops within a one mile radius.' A fellow like that would get free membership of any club in the world.

FREE BEACH SIGN

ANYONE who has spent a holiday in Yugoslavia will have learnt that you can say almost anything with signs. They are a universal language. The Swedes have come up with one they hope will be adopted internationally. It pictures a nude family and represents a free beach. To get the message across they have had an adhesive label printed with the same emblem and intend attaching this to envelopes and such. Their aim? To get the emblem known world wide. Copies of the official drawing can be obtained from, Secretariat, St Thomasstraat 24. B-2000 Antwerpen, Belgium. Cost 15p each.





THE NAKED APE

AWORTHY citizen of the Caribbean owned a hairy ape whom he took walkies through the town every Friday afternoon. After a clash with the local policeman, whose nickname happened to be Sambo, this citizen took to calling hi ape by the name of Sambo.

Eventually the human Sambo could take it no more. 'Get that naked ape to hell out of this town' he demanded.

The citizen promptly shaved every hair off the wretched beast and paraded him once again. In the centre of the town he invited fellow citizens to view 'the genuine naked Sambo.'

The last we heard of the matter was that the real ape had been freed. Its owner languishes in jail sentenced to a fortnight in a 'nudist colony'. Just to teach him not to abuse helpless animals. And the odd Sambo, of course.

The Swede Life

WHO do you think has the oldest naturist organisation—the Swedes or the Americans. Strangely enough, the Swedes come a bad second. They will be celebrating their 25th birthday this coming August. But the Yanks started their International Nudist League in 1931, making them just twice as old.

And during that time they have evolved a way of life quite different from ours. Clubs they have. And very like our own. They vary from simple backwoods camping places to well designed modern holiday resorts. The International Nudist League has now become the American Sunbathing Association. Another cop out name. Like the English who were happy to call themselves nudists in the beginning and soon adopted the less direct title of 'naturist'. In the USA the nudists became 'sunbathers'

STOP PRESS

Fly Me To The Nude

If you want to travel from an out-of-the-way place to an out-of-the-way nudist place — you can now charter a light aircraft to take you!

At the moment this unique service, launched by Anglo-Irish Airways, applies to Britain and Ireland only, but if the demand is high enough they will expand into northern Europe.

You'd be surprised how many small airports there are up and down the country, close to your destination. Rates are reasonable too.

For example, if ten Irish naturists decided to visit Southview, on the Isle of Wight, it would cost them £120 each return for the trip. They would fly from Weston, near Dublin, fly for two hours, circle over Southview naturist beach, and land at Sandown. (Overland routes take two days!)

Anglo-Irish Airways operate by demand only. Further details from 01-363 6845 or (in Ireland) 30 09 44.

Good Value

'Good value is what we hope to provide for our naturist friends,' says the Managing Director of Nature Holidays, a new naturist holiday firm offering tours to France, Spain, Yugoslavia and Florida. Further details from 0767 313194.

GCM at Serignan

Good news for British Serignan-lovers. The holidays offered last year by Freeway, who ran into financial difficulties, are now available from Wig-wam International.

Wig-wam are renowned for the quality of their equipment. You can also camp at Grau-du-Roi, at an ordinary camp-site within five minutes drive of a naturist beach 22km long. Details from 0953 883713.



THE BEAUTY OF BALDARIN

FIRSTLY, just a word or two about alternatives. On the island of Cres, several naturist resorts beckon. But without doubt Baldarin is far ahead of any other.

Never-the-less it's worth taking a quick look at the others. From the town of Cres itself, you can catch a small boat from the jetty or your hotel which will take you to an island for a day's nuding. You return again in the evening. For full information and costs you should call in at the town's only tourist agency. They usually advertise the time table of arrivals and departures and the fare on a poster stuck on the wall outside the entrance. Very early and late in the season, the boat may be cancelled for lack of passengers.

But the town of Cres provides very limited tourist entertainment. A few hours and you have exhausted its possibilities.

Further south you'll find a far more charming town — Mali Losinj. This together with its sister town Veli Losinj is far more appealing. And to make things better they have their own free beach. This is located right

In recent issues we have written a great deal about the Istrian peninsula in Yugoslavia. It is time to look further south and this month we visit the island of Cres. Immediately you leave the mainland, you leave the large scale tourist world behind. On the island of Cres and especially at the naturist resort of Baldarin, you enter the kind of world most sought after by the genuine naturist. Raymond Lark is your guide.

beside the main hotel area — that is just a short distance from the town of Mali.

If you feel that way, you can stay at the Vespera Hotel and take a ten minute walk right onto a fine naturist beach.

But even better than that you can, during the high season, catch a small boat which will take you across the water to the opposite headland and land you at the entrance to Baldarin Naturist Resort. This way you can make the best of both worlds.

Of course, should you want to camp at the resort itself, you may do so. In this case you would go

Look at our reference map and pick up location 13. Here is situated the remarkable naturist resort of Baldarin.

As you will see it is situated at the very end of the Island of Cres. It is basically a camping/caravanning resort and there is little entertainment nearby. However, you can travel by road or by boat to Mali Losinj, a truly delightful Yugoslav port. Its neighbour Veli Losinj is smaller but just as interesting.

Travel by road between Baldarin and Mali Losinj is made a much longer journey than that by sea since the road must travel up the length of the Island of Losinj and down part of the







Island of Cres.

Where the two islands join you will find the town of Osor where a musical festival takes place each year. On most maps the islands of Cres and Losinj appear quite separate so it comes as a surprise to find they are joined by a very short bridge.

Boat services run to Mali Losinj from Pula, Venice Zadar and Ancona. There is another connection from Rijeka via the town of Cres.

If you are approaching by car, and really this is the only practical way, especially since there are no car hire firms on the Island of Losinj, you will have to leave the mainland at Brestova. From there you catch a frequent ferry service to Porozina. From here you can drive all the way to Baldarin.

For information the address is: HTRO 'Jadranka', 51550 Mali Losinj, Losinj, Yugoslavia. Telephone (051) 861-011.



Come with us across the sea to Baldarin.



Mali Losinj, colourful in the Adriatic sunshine.



Veli Losinj, with a Venetian air.

So far Baldarin is little known but if you are looking for a place away from the maddening crowds, then you need look no further.

Baldarin is situated beside the sea and is very heavily wooded. Here you are truly back to nature. Yet the camp is well provided with good camping and caravan facilities. There are also the usual modern toilet facilities and a well stocked store just recently built.

The resort is so new that some of the roads cut quite a scar through the woods, but these will soon settle into the landscape. Away from the service road you have some of the most delightful camping spots you can imagine.

Because the woods are so thick you need never fear any lack of shelter from the noonday sun which at times can be very hot indeed. But once you are tanned and can take the noonday heat, then you will find the swimming places quite delightful.

Usually there is a little bank to scramble down as the camp is situated on land mostly about 2 to 3 metres above sea level. But once down to sea level you will as likely as not find yourself in a small secluded bay.

This is so different from the larger resorts further up the mainland at say Monsena or Ulika that it deserves comment. There the beaches are continuous. Here the beach tends to be broken into individual bays — each with its own character.

The camping places have a similar unique character. Each one is so well surrounded with trees that it is perfectly private. You can camp wherever you like. Right down beside the sea if you

wish or nearer the shop.

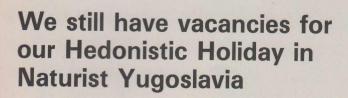
One unusual feature of the camp is that it is for both naturists and textiles. I understand the textiles use that part of the camp nearest the entrance gate. For this reason Baldarin must be unique. I can think of no better way to introduce someone to naturism. If they have doubts they could set up their camp in the textile part of the resort. When they see how silly clothes are they only have to shift their tent a few yards.

This idea is one I would like to see taken up by more naturist resorts. Some years ago a club existed where in one part of the grounds you could wear the bottom half of a bikini if you were initially shy. When you were prepared to graduate you merely took off the pants and walked into the naturist camp proper. Most did.

One thing that was most noticeable about both islands (that is Cres and Losinj) was the number of beautiful beaches which were completely deserted. Of course most were almost impossible to reach from the road since this would mean hacking your way through a lot of shrub. But if you have any form of water transport, Cres and Losinj should provide some of the best nudist swimming imaginable.

All the towns are worth visiting but you shouldn't miss the town of Cres itself. You must pass it to and from Baldarin, but you have to watch out for the sign directing you into the town proper or you will continue on the main road and miss this fascinating little port.

HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! If you want to come on Holiday with Us



It's only a few weeks to September 3rd, the date of our Super Yugoslavian Holiday — have you sent your booking in yet?

Our Back-to-Nature French holiday is now fully booked and we're waiting eagerly for June 11th. Book for Yugoslavia, and you too, could be a lucky H. and E. person waiting with pleasure for September 3rd.

We'll all be flying together from Luton airport on the morning flight to Pula. There, a coach will be waiting to escort us to Monsena.

Ah, Monsena! A complete naturist resort, with cleverly stepped west-facing beaches and stupendous views of Rovinj, the Italian-style port, across the glittering Adriatic sea.

Modern accommodation and restaurant facilities, plenty of wine and sun — truly this will be a hedonistic holiday. You'll have the company of other free-thinking naturists, as well as your editor Susan Mayfield and another lady journalist.

PRACTICAL DETAILS

The basic cost of this fortnight from 3rd to 17th September is £222 per person. Full board is £16 extra. A limited number of single rooms are available, with a room supplement of £24 payable. But we advise you to cut costs by sharing a double room. If you send us your age, occupation and interests, we will try to put compatible singles together.

As for single ladies reading this advert — don't leave your booking too late! Last year we had to disappoint two lady readers whose bookings came too late. Naturism is a grand way to getting an all-over sun-tan — and H. and E. readers are gentlemen all.

CHILDREN

Yugotours offer 30% reductions for children under twelve. Babies under two years old travel free, and you pay the hotel for the hire of a cot on site.

WHAT TO DO

Fill in the coupon with your name and address. Fill in the details if you want to share a room. Make out your cheque for £25 deposit payable to 'Yugotours Ltd' and send coupon and cheque to 'Sponsored Holiday', Health and Efficiency, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London E.C.1.



| 1 | Name |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| | Address |
| 1 | |
| | Please book me places for Monsena |
| 1 | Included is my £25 deposit. |
| | Singles: |
| I | AgeOccupation |
| • | Interests |
| 1 | |

READERS PHOTO CONTEST

LOOT FROM YOUR CAMERA

YES, that's what we're offering you in our Readers' Photo Contest.

The competition is open to all readers who are amateur photographers, and is for colour prints and colour transparencies. We will endeavour to return to you those pictures we do not wish to hold for further entry; but could you please make sure your name and address is written clearly on the back of every print and on the mount of every transparency?

We have three sections — Men, Women and Groups. That covers just about everything! And in each group are three prizes; £12, £8 and £5.

So you see, we have nine prize-winners every month. That's one hundred and eight a year.

And one of them could be you!

So next time you take your camera on the beach, or down to the club — take a few extra shots. Move in close and make your pictures a true reflection of the happiness of the naturist life.

Send them to 'Readers' Photo Contest', Health and Efficiency, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London E.C.1.

As for your black-and-white pictures — we have pages, for them too — overlead on Picture Parade. But we're sorry, we cannot return any black-and-white photographs. And if you want your reproduction fee — make sure your name and address is on the back of each print.

It's no good sending a letter with all the details on. It will only get lost when the pictures go to the printer.



Female

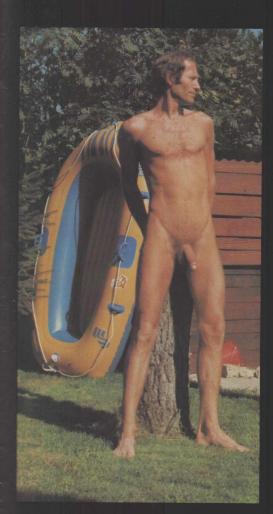
FIRST [left] Pauline Pennock poses prettily and is snapped by her photographer husband. The location, they tell us, is Ayton Castle, Scarborough.

SECOND [below] Towelling herself dry after a shower, Mme Spagnol of Perigueux captures the pleasure and vitality of the naturist life.





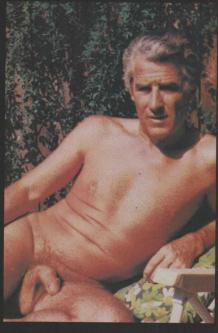
THIRD [above] This transparency is beautifully taken and the setting superb. We would have given it more than third prize - if only the model didn't look so much like an ornamental statue.



Male

FIRST [left] Another European reader snaps first prize! A good figure study of a handsome, well-shaped male. But we're not sure whether the colourful boat adds or subtracts from the picture.





SECOND [left] Dave Cunningham of Saskatchuan, Canada, delights in photographing himself. This he-man pose raised a smile from us.

THIRD [above] Back to Britain, and a nice, relaxed shot taken in the model's back garden. We do get some good weather sometimes, and this photographer has taken full advantage of it.

Groups

FIRST [right] M. Jolques has captured a moment dear to the hearts of all of us. The young couple - the evening light - the open air - all add up to a moment of nostalgia, out of the human experience of us all.





SECOND [left] Brian Underwood, on one of the Photo Club days, moved in close to capture a moment of naturist fun and laughter.

THIRD [right] A whole party of holiday-makers from Belgium, un Yugoslavia, were captured on film from M. Lavenfosse. From left to right; Flannine, Serge, Tabrenne, Martine and Francis.



TOO CLEVER FOR IMPACT Yes, this photographer knew what he was doing all right. The body of the girl is so pin-sharp we can see every drop and goose-pimple on her skin. He's printed the picture at an angle deliberately so the girl's upright, and cleverly his picture contrasts the round shape of the girl's breast against the round shapes of the foaming sea. Yet we only see these clever points when we study the picture. It has no initial impact. We have to think a little too hard before we realise what the photographer is trying to say.

TRIANGLES AND

COMPOSITION It's always said that the most satisfying composition is one in a triangle shape — with the base at the foot of the picture. Put dark colours at the bottom to make the base 'heavy' and the picture becomes almost fulfilling. This picture uses the triangle shape well, but it appears the photographer 'burnt in' the top left-hand corner of the shot. It would have been better in the bottom right, thus giving some stability to the composition. Generally, however, this picture is pleasing, although we can't help wondering what the model is looking at. Perhaps a stranger has just popped his head over that dark, sun-club fence?

PICTURE PARADE

Yes, this is a parade of pictures from you, our readers. But why do we mention no names? Because the pictures are submitted for criticism? So no-one's allowed to think they're a winner - or a loser. However, you do win five pounds if we publish your picture. Send your black-and-white prints to our editorial address, marked 'Picture Parade' and we'll pay five pounds for each one published. We're sorry we can't return any prints.



MURDER OR SUICIDE? Did she fall or was she pushed? She looks for all the world as though she has just landed, after sinister events, bang on the concrete! Certainly no naturist has ever been seen falling naturally into such a contrived angular pose, and it looks the most uncomfortable way to sunbathe. Was the photographer trying to tell us something about the straight shapes on the concrete? It's rare that you find straight lines in natural subjects.

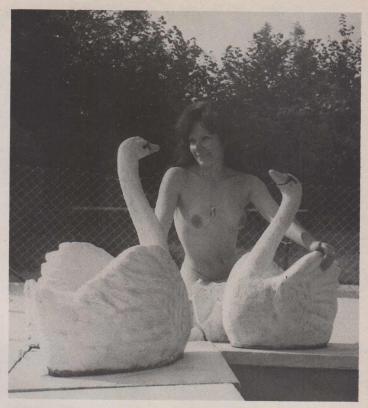




GET UNDRESSED FIRST! Girls in the naturist world don't really jump in the river half-clothed! However, we did like the vitality of this picture and the energy of the girl. What a shame it wasn't printed properly! It needed far more contrast, so that the drops of water would have shown up sparkling bright and the sunshine too, would have been given its true brilliant rendering. Take that girl back to the river and try again.



THEY MUST BE BRITISH Why? Because British naturists are nearly always shown rushing out of the sea, instead of in! Pictures from France show warm relaxed people, relaxing in the briny . . . oh well c'est la vie — that's life in Britain. This photographer has made the most of it, capturing a picture full of vitality and natural action. Technically, he managed to get scratches on his negative, and never spotted them out on the print he sent to us. Well, that's life too.



THE THREE GRACES Yes, swans are graceful creatures, and these two stone ones make an admirable setting for the model. This photographer obviously thought a little about his setting, and used all the props around him for his picture. Yet somehow, it doesn't quite 'come off'. Is it because the girl is looking away from us, and not at us? Is it the wire fence in the background? If this photographer had used a faster speed and a wider aperture, and come closer, the fence would have blurred into nothingness and the picture would have been pin-sharp.



MRS ATLAS She's not holding up the world, just keeping part of it firmly in place! We liked this picture: The lady's expression was just right, the pose was full of humour and enjoyment — incidentally showing the model's figure to best advantage. Both people obviously enjoy the naturist life and all it means. However, as always — couldn't the photographer have used a faster shutter speed? It's the best way to eliminate camera shake.

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And just look at our prices — £4.50 for any size film means your prints cost 10 pence each! You can have additional enprints for 30p each (minimum order 6 prints).

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READERS WRITE



addressed to: Readers Write 'Health & Efficiency', 23-24 SMITHFIELD STREET, LONDON E.C.1.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

COLIN Miles is correct. (H & E Vol. 83 No. 1.) Yet only in his first statement: people do turn away from the material side of life and look for a meaning beyond the daily routine. This is clearly true and perhaps he is also right in his claim that so many turn to astrology.

Yet is this wise? I am reminded of Job in the Old Testament who wrote 'Yet does not God himself see my ways and count my every step' (Job. 31:4.). But today man would seem to shrug off eternity and yet fervently search the daily horoscope in the newspapers and magazines. Because we seek to know our future, and try to plan for our own contentment, it does seem natural to look for possible indications of that future. But in which way do we look?

The physicist can reveal the very wonders of the natural creation, the heavenly bodies being of the natural orders of things. These distant bodies can have no relation with you and me. On the other hand, the astrologist may use logic to position 'your chart' but only by his 'faith' in the unknown can he 'read' into the heavenly bodies some information about you.

Between these two views we have the Christian. Like the scientist, he can see all of history and man's nature as a proof to him of the reality of God. But it is faith as well as reason that is called for. Jesus may have been an historical person, but to the Christian, he is real and alive in experience. Who to, you may ask, well, all those who seek Me shall find me, saith the Lord. It is then, because of Him we can trust in Jesus for the future. There is test of faith if you like, being content to trust in him and not to worry in the uncertain future.

The Christian message is plain. You should live as if Jesus is about to come again into this stricken world very soon, yet plan for your future and that of society for a future unbroken for another 1000 years.

Yes, amongst us nudists, there are Christians too. Those of us who believe in the Saving and Healing work of Jesus. There are some of us who are in regular contact with each other, we

We ask our readers to be patient if their letter has not yet appeared. We get more letters than we can possibly publish. Type your letters if you can! Be prepared to give your name — we want to phase out anonymous letters. Don't forget that every month we give a £5 prize for our 'Letter of the Month'. So if you've got something special to say — let's hear it!

would welcome your enquiry or fellowship.

Peter Bayliss

35, Harton Way, Kings Heath, Birmingham B14 6PF

BLACKPOOL

REGARDING your article, 'View from the Prom', by Jacquie Morley. I was reminded of a conversation I had with a Methodist minister who had been appointed to a church in Blackpool, a good many years ago. He said; 'We are going to clean up the town' and he was referring to the famous 'Golden Mile'.

Your contributor Jacquie Morley gives an up-to-date description of the results of that well-planned puritanical onslaught.

Another person I know is a lady police officer, of high rank, who sides with the 'clean up' people. It was reported in the press that this officer, in plain clothes, attended a 'hen party' with 250 other women. After paying her £1 entrance, she saw the show up to the time when the police entered and made arrests.

I have met Americans who have enjoyed boasting of seeing Blackpool's famous illuminations, 'the greatest free show on earth'. I want to see Blackpool proper so why not recognise the town as an English Disneyland.

But at the same time give the right to do the Las Vegas gambling thing and the burlesque shows of San Francisco and New York. All these facets of leisure pursuits have their right place in our modern world — we are not all alike.

As for Blackpool's strict censorship of films, I must say it is my view that this is contrary to public freedom in that it denies the town seeing films that have been passed by the official Board of Censorship for public viewing. It is within our rights to see such films unhindered.

My compliments to Jacquie for her courage in highlighting what is going on in her native town. It seems a movement is going on from Permissive Expression to Puritanical Repression.

Tom Main

Lancashire.

BATTLING FOR THE BEACHES

A S an unaccompanied male enthusiast, my introduction to nudism was entirely due to Corton Beach. I was overwhelmed by the spiritual and psychological refreshment. Therefore, the Free Beach has a vital part to play towards our well-being in our society.

With the few approved free beaches proving the irrelevance of the Victorian laws on vagrancy and nudity in such places, one wonders why there are not free beaches along every few miles of our coast. We are not without the ability to bring this about!

Thousands of East Anglian nudists must have been bitterly disappointed as council after council have turned down applications for free beaches in the area. As with all appeals to official bodies for action, the greatest influence that is brought to bear is by the individual, personal letter of appeal, rather than the joint petition.

To all who long for a free beach, I would say; Do not sit back and wait for a miracle to happen. Put pen to paper and swamp the seaside town halls with your mail. Until those councils are made aware of the demand for beaches, their decisions are likely to be swaved in favour of the opponents of nudism. On many of these councils are outspoken people who are sympathetic to our cause. Your mail will make their voice in the council chamber that much louder.

Once you have tasted the joys of an 'official' beach, do not fail to let that council know. A letter of your appreciation and support can do much to ensure the prolonged existence of your treasured spot.

A council which does not feel that such a favourable action is taken for granted is more likely to stand by its decision in the face of future opposition.

It's up to you.

Dennis H. Childs,

Colchester.

GREEK ISLAND

AM writing with details of the island of Prerimos, near Kos.

My wife and I went to the small village of Kardamema on the south coast, about 45 minutes by bus from the town of Kos and about 20 minutes from the airport. The village is quiet but with plenty of tavernas to eat and drink at, and very cheap; we never paid more than £4 for an evening meal with wine, and that was for two of us. There are a few small but good hotels.

The beach at the village had sun-beds and umbrellas, this beach was topless with notices saying. No Nude Bathing.

You could either walk for twenty minutes, or cycle for ten, along the gravel road adjacent to the beach. Here stretched a lovely beach for ten to fifteen miles, with dunes and trees at the back. You could swim or sunbathe all day without any troubles whatsoever.

One day we cycled for about half an hour and found a really lonely beach, we did not see another person all day long.

There are several tour operators offering all types of accommodation in the village, Sun Club, Thompsons, Olympic and John Morgan, to name but a few.

I would recommend the island for a quiet and relaxing holiday, with all the nude swimming and sunbathing you could wish for.

John Preston

Guildford.



Swing into naturism with a smile.



Don't worry, you won't fall off!

AUSTRALIAN BEACH

VICTORIA, Australia, does not have a legal free beach. However, items have appeared in the Geelong Advertiser on three consecutive days, and I believe they herald the legislation of our first free beach.

As Victoria is one of the last places in Australia not to have a free beach, I thought you might be interested in this development. For several years now we have been using an unofficial free beach at Point Impossible, near Torquay. Although it has proved popular, there have been a few prosecutions for obscene behaviour.

This latest development calls for a free beach in a completely different area and importantly, has the backing of the local council and the local residents. All we need now is for the State Government to give its official blessing.

Here's hoping!

R. Berry

Geelong, Australia.

YOGA

OW great to see the inclusion of yoga articles in your magazine. Several other features, including that by Elizabeth Elcoate, clearly indicate that for many naturists, yoga and naturism have been regarded as one, for more than just a short while. Certainly both form major influences on my life.

How the combination of a naturist holiday, glorious sunshine and my early morning and late afternoon yoga routines provide such relaxation as is missing from the hectic pace of living.

But I have one question. The yoga articles so far have favoured the beginner. I am sure there are many experienced yoga naturists who would appreciate something more advanced. How about it? Perhaps you could devote a page a month to some of the advanced asanas.

Keith Keer,

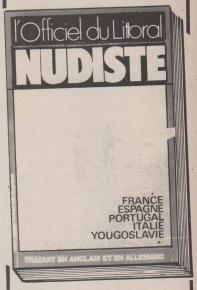
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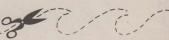
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'Highland Sun' a recently formed club in the Inverness/Elgin area invite interested naturist couples. Telephone for details (0309) 73438.

New Club, 20 miles S. London, welcomes families, couples, some singles. Swimming pool, games, self-catering holidays, caravans, camping. — Box No. 1834.

Saber Photographics — Confidential naturist colour processing. Negatives 95p per film. Each 4" x 5" print 18p. 20p p. 8p. e.g. 24 prints £5.27. C.W.O. — 19 Wren Street, Stoke, Coventry CV2 4FT.

Confidential. Black/White processing. 12 exp. £3.60, 20 exp. £5.20, 36 exp. £8.40. Hand printed. — Charles W. Gridley, 18 Moss Road, South Ockendon, Essex, RM15 6HR.

Naturist Films developed and printed. Studio available to bona fide Camera Clubs. Models required. — A.M. Pope (Photographers) Ltd., 76-78 High Street, Gillingham, Kent.

Amateur Artist seeks male models over 18 under 30 on non-profit or professional basis, contact, John, phone Workington 4991, 21 Wilson Street, Workington, Cumbria.

Surrey Downs Sun Club. Couples and Families welcome — Contact Membership Secretary, 80A Brox Road, Ottershaw, Surrey. Please enclose 4 × 10p stamps.

Very good looking young man, 27, nice personality, wishes to photograph mothers and/or daughters for strictly private collection: good fee paid. Also friendship. — Box No. 1945.

American Naturist age 27, male, 5ft 11 ins and 155lbs, would be delighted to receive letters from British lady naturists. Write to Mike Mustuk, 2979 W. Cannes Dr., Apt. 31, Peoria, III. 61615, U.S.A.

Secluded Small Licensed Guest House with screened sun bathing area. Situated in magnificent Welsh countryside. Moderate terms. Phone for details, Llangorse 275 (087 484).

Gent 49, happily married 25 years fancies an occasional change of scenery. Any lady feel the same? Greater London Area. — Box No. 1978.

We rented large house (± 12 p.) in lovely Myconos-Greece, near nude beaches, for the whole summer. Seek couples/singles to share. Cheap weekly terms. VAND, 20 Park Walk, London SW10.

Australian nudist couple seek English or French speaking photo penfriends, worldwide. Broad interests, exchange colour slides. — Box No. 1981.

Naturist couple late 40's would like to form a small club for social meetings, we have a sauna and heated indoor poof. Midway between Swansea and Birmingham. (Two hour drive). Reply — Box No. 1982.

Collector's Items magazines now out of print. Late Night Extra Vol. 3, Nos. 4, 11; Vol. 5, Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 12; Vol. 6 Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11; L.N.E. Specials 1, 2, 3, 5, 6. We also have a selection of the connoisseur's magazine 'Pleasure'. All are one price - £1 each inc. p.&p. (U.K. only). Postage abroad extra. Send to — Box No. 2000.

Naturist Photographs processed and printed in strict confidence. Colour films developed and printed £7.95 for 36 exps. Other lengths of film priced pro-rata. Post free. — O.P.C. Mail Order, 266 High Street, Orpington, Kent BR6 0NB.

Vacances Families and Couples. Regular naturist swimming, sauna and leisure centre activities. — Application by letter only (S.A.E.), Chester Naturist Club, 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

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For a beautiful oil painting based on your favourite photograph, any subject, send photo for free quotation. Hill, Cottage, Brickyard Lane, Kegworth, Derby DE7

Tours Clerk with min. 2 years ABTA experience required by Britain's leading naturist tour operator. Practising naturist preferred. Applications to Peter Englert, Peng Travel Ltd., 86 Station Road, Gidea Park, Essex RM2 6DB.

N. Ireland young naturist couple forming exclusive Private Naturist Club, swimming, social meetings, music, special female bodybuilding and general fun, sun beds and catering and accommodation — camping, 1 \times 14p stamp for reply. — Box No. 1960.

Naturist holidays on a Pembrokeshire farm, S/C flat, king size caravan tent sites, choice of beaches to use. Regret family units or mixed couples only. Testimonials can be supplied. S.A.E. for brochure please 'Old Smithy' Llandeloy Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, West Wales SA6 2G.

Managerial position in naturist environment sought by couple, home or abroad, joint or single. He, 42, lifelong managerial/administrative experience in commerce, entertainment and hotel industry. She, 29, qualified nurse. Some capital. Telephone 0633 853863 evenings, or write — Box No. 1964.

Stay at The Old Rectory, Sampford Brett, Somerset. Holiday flats or guest house accommodation. Walled garden with swimming pool. Telephone: Williton (0984) 32783.

Englishman, 34, soon returning Britain, wishes correspond, later meet, other friendly indoor/outdoor naturists. Lawrence, UPM 1742, Dhahran Airport, Box 144, Saudi Arabia.

Young males/females (16-29) required by London photographer, established 10 years. Fees paid, plus travel and free overnight if necessary. Send details/photo — Box No. 2005.

Naturist boy 18 seeks other male naturists of same age group for correspondence, outings, etc., any area. Photograph ensures reply. All letters answered. — Box No. 2006. Would this advertiser please contact the H & E office.

Highly qualified masseuse, masseur husband, naturists, welcome or visit couples/singles relaxation massage. Also couples/groups body language seminars, Possibly new indoor naturist club. Beds., Leics., Oxon. — Box No. 1996.

Naturist couple Southport offers self catering flat in own home, sleeps 4-5. Own kitchen, T.V., lounge etc. Secluded garden area, £80 p.w. incl. — Box No. 1992.

Wanted Adventurous Young Woman with abilities in Arts and Crafts to develop Naturist Sailing Group off the British coast. "James Wharram Design", The Docks, Milford Haven, SA73 3AU, Great Pritsin Strathclyde, newcomer, male 41, tall, bearded, attractive, parental traditionalist, gentle, discreet, seeks sensible, attractive couple/lady (age?) preferably having private garden. Share Tuesday daytimes, occasional evenings. Long friendship. Photo appreciated. — Box No. 1983.

Amateur photographer requires female model for figure studies in Peterborough or Bedford areas. Fee plus travelling expenses. Reply to — Box No. 1994.

Single male 27 seeks lady of similar age for sincere friendship, naturist outings. Possible holiday at Agde summer 1982. — Box No. 1984.

Naturist Sailing Holidays on sunny Cote d'Azur. Charter 50 ft. sailing yacht. Skipper and crew looking after you and providing good food and wine. Brochures from Mitchell, 9 Baddlesmere Road, Whitstable, Kent.

Video film production unit working abroad seeks new faces 16-30. Mainly minor walk-on parts. Good rates + travel + accom. Experience not required nor preferred. For details send S.A.E. to — Box No. 1986.

Italy secluded villa, sleeps 6, beach nearby. Rome area. £165 per week or half-board, run by English naturist couple. Send stamp. — Box No. 1987.

Male P.E. specialist 30's. Available August '82 to look after the kids, teach swimming, get them fit. Somewhere sunny. — Box No. 1988.

Develop Film and Contact Print b/w£1.35, colour £2.10. Send S.A.E. for full service including copying, Malcolm Photocraft, 3 Nicholas Avenue, Whitburn, Sunderland SR6 7DB.

Tall attractive man 35 wants to meet people interested in naturism. Single parents, young people welcome. Box 3352, Halifax, N.S., Ganada B3J 3JI.

Male nudist, 37, good looking, educated and unattached. Seeks female companion, any age, to share naturist activities, club visits and holidays abroad. Long-term friendship sought. London and surrounding areas. — Box No. 1990.

Secluded small licensed Guest House with screened sun bathing area. Situated in magnificent Welsh countryside. Weekly £59.00 with Ev./Meal. S.A.E. for details — Box No. 1991.

Two large caravans in grounds of naturist family for holiday rent. Heated swimming pool, badminton court, tennis. Phone Elmsted (Kent) 318 for further details.

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Very good looking young man, 27, nice personality, wishes to photograph mothers and/or daughters for strictly private collection: good fee paid. Also friendship. — Box No. 1945.

Bristol photographer needs attractive and enterprising female naturist models. Beginners welcome, good fees paid. Please apply with recent snapshot (returned) to Ted Greaves. — Box No. 2015.

Young amateur Asian artist seeks male models 16-25 yrs., for regular discreet work. Modest fees paid. Write with age, photo, fees required and other details. — Box No. 2014.

Young man, 29, occasional naturist, romantic, country loving, working on unique crafts project; seeks friendship with lady teens-mid 20's. — Box No. 2013.

Naturist couple, fifties, good standard of living seek similar for naturist social evenings, weekedns, holidays. Sincere lasting friendship desired. Northumberland North Tyneside. — Box No. 2017.

Spain (Almeria 60 miles) - Pueblo House to let, sleeps 6, 100 yds. beach, 3 miles naturist beach, ½ miles naturist site. Full details contact 0702-64430. (Southend, Essex).

Prepare for the sun. Solarium, UVA tanning, relaxation, body massage. Treatment given personally. Telephone or S.A.E.: Derek Ryall, Naturopath/Osteopath, Redhill, Surrey, RH1 6EN.

Males (21 to 30) wanted for modelling. Amateur photographer and naturist. Fee paid also travel expenses. Photo essential, returnable on visit. Free accommodation. — Box No. 1993.

Quiet Genuine divorced male 47 5'5" South London/Surrey seeks sincere attractive lady 35-45 for friendship, outings, holidays, possible marriage. — Box No. 1997.

Large beautiful secluded house Yorkshire border 19 year old male (forming new group) invites other young people for naturist week-ends and holidays. — Box No. 1998.

Mature male, widower, seeks broadminded penfriends, male or female, any age, anywhere. — Box No. 1999.

Male 35, wishes to photograph mothers and/or daughters for strictly private collection. Good fee paid. Also friendship, photo appreciated. — Box No. 2001.

Have your Club, beach or home naturist activities captured on video. For full details write to: G. Hoare, 86, Netheravon Road, Chiswick, London W.4.

Stay at The Old Rectory, Sampford Brett, Somerset. Holiday flats or guest house accommodation. Walled garden with swimming pool. Telephone Williton (0984) 32783

Male, late 20's, shy, good humoured, seeks female company, introduce him to naturism. Has dipped toe in water, wishes to take plunge, but needs chaperoning. 'Just good friends' acceptable. London/surrounding counties. — Box No. 2002.

Secretary, salary, plus 6 roomed river cottage in grounds, rent/rates free. Also woodland cottage, gypsy caravan, tenancy for estate help. Phone, photo, details. — Box No. 2003.

Single young man wishes to meet naturist female for good friendship and naturist activities. Photo appreciated and returned.

— Box No. 2004.

Single male, 25, seeks lady for visits to beach, sun clubs, share holiday this summer, Agde? Kent/East Sussex area. Interests, natural history, photography, photo appreciated. — Box No. 2012.

Young man 31, naturist, would like to hear from anyone of similar age, to join him on holiday to Florida, Oct-Nov, pay own way. Would also like to hear from young lady interested in joining him in club visits. — Box No. 2011.

Gentleman 60 seeks young lady house-keeper/companion, holidays at luxury villa on coast near St. Tropez with yacht. Three weeks June whole September. Expenses paid and small salary. French an advantage. Write age, background, photograph. — Box No. 2010.

Teenage male models wanted, fee paid, accommodation available, write including recent photo, if possible. — Box No. 2009.

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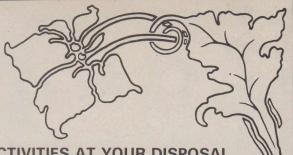
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